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SEPTEMBER 15, 1978

CHINA:
ntangling Alliances, Please
JAMES BURNHAM

NATIONAL REVIEW

I'll Have the Cheeseburger, Please:

THE FULL TEXT OF THE NOBEL-PRIZE-WINNING POEM:

Tony Reichhardt

Focus on:

THE MASSACHUSETTS PRIMARIES

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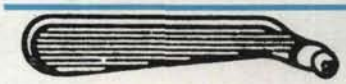

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Charles Kesler ▼ Russell Kirk

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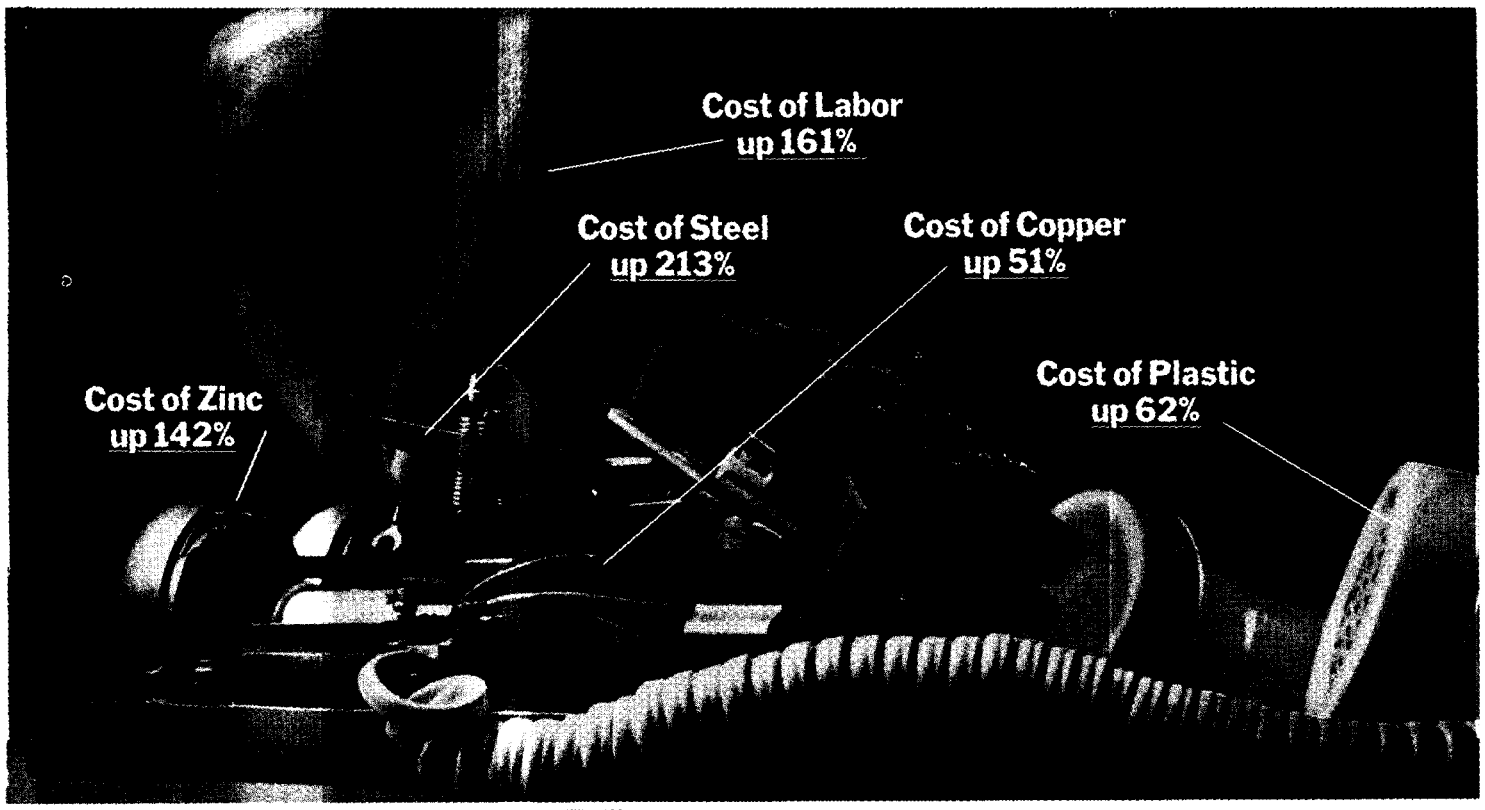

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Letters

Practical Questions

William R. Kintner makes so many valuable points ["Soviet Morality & U.S. Nuclear Strategy," Sept. 1] that I hesitate to add anything. He confronted, head-on, what the Left has adopted as the ultimate bogeyman: the immorality of a nuclear defense strategy.

And yet, even as one agrees with Mr. Kintner, one must approach the consequences of his argument with caution. Mr. Kintner warns of the Soviet arms buildup and our own strategic weakening. He deplores the cancellation of the B-1 and the neutron bomb, and the precarious state of the inchoate MX mobile missile system.

Mr. Kintner seems to be the kind of strategic analyst the Department of Defense loves: every weapons system is termed "vital," perhaps even "indispensable" to our national defense. Surely this cannot always be true. As Senator Gary Hart and former Senator Robert Taft Jr. have argued in their recent *White Paper on Defense*, and as even *NR* has mentioned from time to time, the DOD bureaucracy can be as short-sighted and self-interested as any other federal agency. It prefers to counter the Soviets' bulk with our own bulk, instead of with technological innovation. Rarely does the DOD reassess, conceptually, the role of a weapon or a military force. Hart and Taft go so far as to say that we may be in danger of adopting a static and vulnerable Maginot Line strategy. In short, having heard from Mr. Kintner on the moral questions, we might do well to listen to Senator Hart on strategic issues.

Mark Stevens
Madison, Wis.

The Politics of China

The brief report in "For the Record" [Aug. 18] on the Senate's unanimous adoption of an amendment requiring the President to consult with it before making any attempt to alter or abrogate the Mutual Defense Treaty between the United States and the Republic of China incorrectly states that Senators Cranston, Church, Kennedy, and Glenn co-sponsored the measure.

The amendment which passed on July 25 was sponsored principally by Senators Dole, Goldwater, and Stone, and co-sponsored by a number of other senators. Senators Cranston, Church, Kennedy, and Glenn, on the other hand, pushed a substitute amendment backed by the State Department which was quite different in spirit. Senators Dole and Stone, however, skillfully placed the anti-Taiwan senators in a position in which they had no choice but to accept the Dole-Stone amendment, slightly modified.

Senator Kennedy's remarks during the debate made it quite clear that his dedication to the cause of "normalizing" relations with Peking at the expense of the Republic of China has not flagged. The friends of Free China won an important battle in the Senate on July 25, but the war is far from over.

Charles A. Moser
Executive Director
Committee for a Free China
Washington, D.C.

We Abstained

Although I enjoyed Mr. Hazlett's article on Proposition 13 ["The Scare Tactics That Backfired," July 21], he was incorrect to include the California Chamber of Commerce in his list of opponents. The California Chamber took a neutral position. It did not support or oppose Proposition 13. Perhaps Mr. Hazlett confused the California Chamber of Commerce with one of the city chambers in the Los Angeles area. For the record, though, 57 per cent of our members supported Proposition 13, 37 per cent opposed it, and only 6 per cent took no position.

John T. Hay
Executive Vice President
California Chamber of Commerce
Sacramento, Calif.

Equal Rights Shenanigans

Many thanks to Grover Rees III for his incisive and comprehensive article, "When the Voting Should Have Stopped" [Aug. 18]. A consideration of this whole situation leaves one yearning for a singular act of courage on the part of a critically situated proponent of ERA (I cannot think of a better candidate than a repentant Congressman Barbara Jordan)—a statement on the order of, "While I am deeply committed to the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, I must at this time dissociate myself from those other proponents who are willing to sacrifice every canon of fairness and any consideration of orderly procedure to effect that passage." One yearns, one waits, but one does not hold one's breath.

Paul Vincent
Newton, Mass.

Grover Rees puts to shame those legislators who would sabotage our Constitution. But he omits one argument: If Congress has the power to *extend* a ratification deadline beyond what was originally pro-

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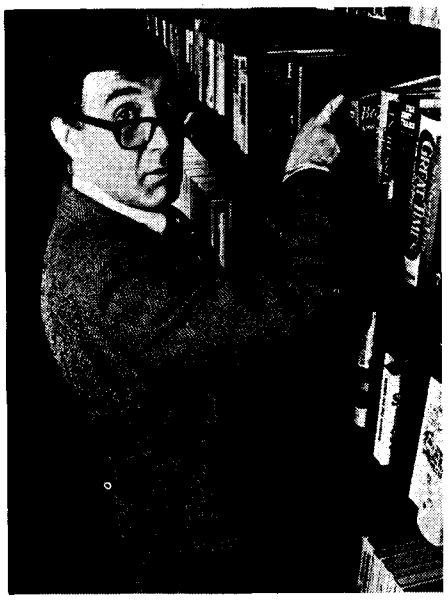

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G. D. Wilson
Chicago, Ill.

Equal pay for equal work is already required by federal law. Inequality and discrimination based on sex can be eliminated without passing the ERA.

Robert Bonsignore
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Let Washington Do It

Mr. Kirk's "From the Academy" is always stimulating. His column "Can Oregon Be Happy?" [June 23] is correct in stating that a mishmash of "social science" classes should not replace basic courses like history. As an economist, I would like to see a public more astute about economics, but a solid educational background is more important.

Several state legislatures have voted to make a one-semester course in "free enterprise" economics mandatory in public high schools. Not only may these courses replace valuable courses like history, but they are often counterproductive. Free enterprise will not be taught in most schools. Instead, many teachers and textbooks emphasize the "need" for regulation and the "complexity" of our economy, which, of course, means that such things should be left to the dedicated men in Washington who understand these delicate matters and will save us from depression and monopolization.

Roger E. Meiners
Assistant Professor
Texas A&M University
College Station, Tex.

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Mexican Footnotes

Carlos Untel's excellent indictment of Communist exploitation of Latin American universities ["The University as Sanctuary," Aug. 18] unfortunately contains two errors in chronology. I herewith correct them only because NATIONAL REVIEW, happily, has begun to turn up fairly often in the scholarly footnotes of students seeking rare anti-Marxist documentation.

Mr. Untel states that most Latin American nations broke relations with Cuba soon after Castro seized power in 1959. Not so. The U.S. had to campaign hard among Latin American governments, after we broke relations with Havana in January 1961. At the Organization of American States' 1962 foreign ministers' conference, only a vague condemnation of *fidelista* interference in other Latin American nations was voted. Not until July 26, 1964—five and a half years after Castro took power—did these nations vote, at that year's OAS foreign ministers' conference, to break trade and diplomatic relations. The vote ran 15 to 4, with Mexico, Chile, Uruguay, and Bolivia voting against a break. All the Latin American nations did then break relations except Mexico. By 1970, four of them had re-established relations, and in July 1975 the OAS ended the ban.

Mr. Untel also cites March 1975 as the date when violent Marxists even attacked leftist Mexican President Echeverría. In fact, the year was 1974—etched in my memory, for I was speaking at Ibero-American University in Mexico City on the day of the attack, and I witnessed it on television. The video producer who allowed the incident on the air was later fired.

Marvin Alisky
Professor of Political Science
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

The Saga of Sagebrush

"In my mind's eye I can see sagebrush bobbing across the desert" ["Notes & Asides," Aug. 4]. In his mind's eye is the only way Dale Vree will ever see such a strange phenomenon. Sagebrush is a woody shrub with roots as firmly anchored in *terra firma* as *NR* is in conservatism. It never goes bobbing anywhere.

S. Omar Barker
Las Vegas, N.M.

We Western conservatives are honored that feature columnist Dale Vree is "partial to the West." In fact, we hope that he will visit the West and become more familiar with our vegetation. Sagebrush does not "blow across the dry plains of the West." Sagebrush is a tenacious, tough, woody perennial shrub which is very firmly rooted. Perhaps Mr. Vree has confused sagebrush with tumbleweed, or Russian thistle, which does blow across the arid plains.

Dave Baskett
Casper, Wyo.

Misplaced Clemency

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s application of the Stockholm Syndrome to Miss Hearst's case ["On the Right," July 7] seems misplaced. It is one thing for a former captive to feel a (misguided) modest sense of solidarity with his erstwhile captor; it is quite another for the former captive to ramble about the countryside committing numerous felonies in the name of that solidarity.

The excuse Mr. Buckley offers for Miss Hearst is the same one made by F. Lee Bailey during her trial in federal court: diminished capacity. This defense says that while the defendant committed the acts prohibited by law, she lacked the requisite criminal intent, because of her mental turmoil. The jury rejected that defense. Thereafter, Miss Hearst's conviction was upheld by the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court.

Public respect for the criminal justice system is not enhanced by obviating jury verdicts and the appellate process through executive clemency. Miss Hearst was parentally over-indulged. She decided to dabble in revolution and got her fingers burned. If G. Gordon Liddy can spend more than four years in prison for a second degree burglary, it is only proper that Patty endure a somewhat greater period of confinement for armed bank robbery.

John A. Bell
Pleasanton, Calif.

Not So Bad

Please don't get too upset that Nancy Kassebaum was chosen to be the Republican candidate for Kansas senator ["For the Record," Aug. 18]. Her opponent, Bill Roy, was a strong supporter of national health insurance; in his previous term in the House he worked for the same

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Can the Communists arrange to pick the next Pope?

The question would have been crazy 20 years ago. It isn't now, says this former Vatican aide.

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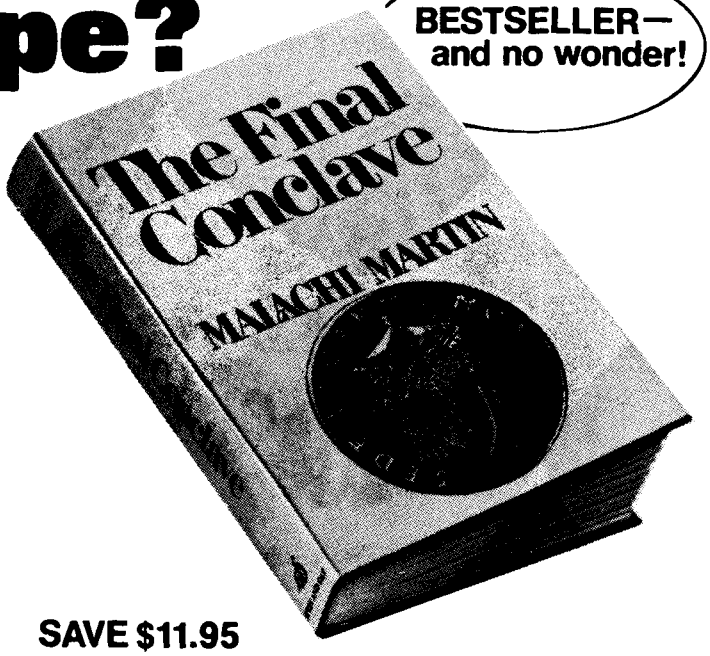

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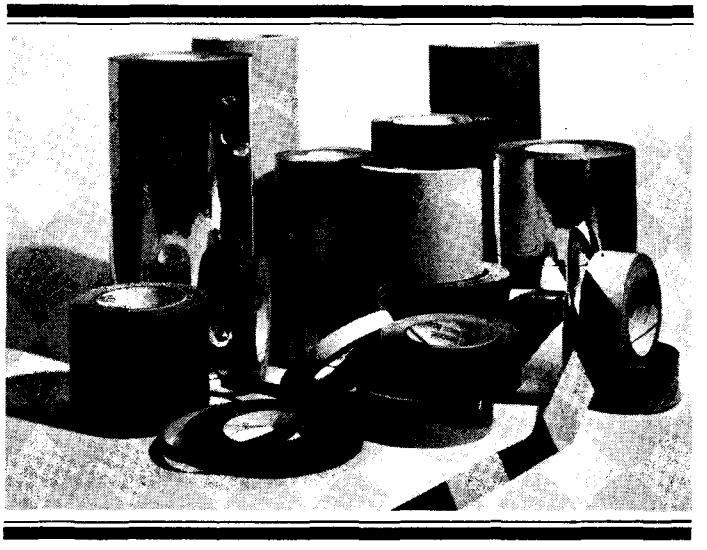

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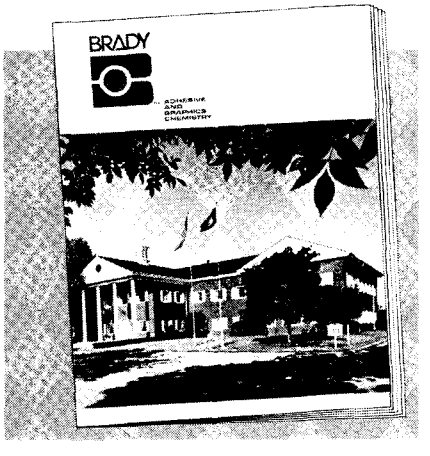

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bills Teddy Kennedy supported in the Senate. Mrs. Kassebaum is smart, and her issues include balanced budgets and less government.

Sue Reynolds
Hays, Kan.

Woman's Work

Apparently Patricia Bailey ["Notes & Asides," Aug. 18] believes that only sexism can explain why a woman with good office skills earns less than a janitor. She needs to examine some economic facts of life. Individuals with highly developed skills often earn less than others because of the vagaries of the marketplace. I have a friend with a degree in electrical engineering who earns considerably less than the craft workers under him with high school diplomas. Why? They are backed by a powerful union. Salesmen for many corporations commonly earn more than better-educated managers because of market demand for sales skills. To use her example, the increase of job snobbery in America forces the market to reward highly those willing to perform janitorial work.

Second, Ms. Bailey apparently finds it hard to tell her boss she cannot work overtime because of family needs. A little more courage is in order. If she is willing to allow her daughter on the battlefield, the least Ms. Bailey can do is assert her natural right to go home after a day's work.

Tragically, Americans are getting used to people dragging emotional lodestones into public life, where they are fashioned into the building blocks of government policy. To construct public policy on such a basis is irrational.

Robert J. Chiore
Manhasset Hills, N.Y.

Patricia Bailey's letter seems typical of the modern, assertive woman's idea of the worth of her husband. In her letter, he is mentioned three times: 8 A.M., to identify his mother; 4:30 P.M., to number him among her family; and, finally, 11:15 P.M., to let us know he is a competent, though not very exciting, male. It must be great to be a struggling young husband these days.

H. L. Norton
New York, N.Y.

Poor, dear Patricia Bailey is obviously bored, and anything, even combat, would be a welcome relief. Ms. Bailey describes her hectic routine. Most mothers with a number of small children know this routine. It is a matter of attitude. You can see it as dull duty; or you can see it as a time when you have the opportunity to watch those children grow into interesting adults.

Ms. Bailey can join the Army, Navy, or

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Air Force. She can request combat duty. But do not force the rest of us to do the same. We find the lifestyle of wife, mother, housekeeper, nurse, janitor, coach, chauffeur, hostess, to be quite exciting.

Patricia K. Fawcett
Oxford, Miss.

Patricia Bailey's rebuttal to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column was soul-satisfying: logical reasoning seasoned with clarity of vision.

Betty Shuron
Cliffside Park, N.J.

Education Czar

I suppose it will antagonize some of my conservative constituency when, in announcing for the Presidency, I propose a separate Department of Education. But perhaps I'll recover a little with my further proposal that the Department's first—and last—secretary be Roger Freeman ["Uncle Sam's Heavy Hand in Education," Aug. 4], whose principal commission will be to get the U.S. Government the hell out of the education business. After that, we'll go after the states.

Andrew B. Burns
Stamford, Conn.

Ode to Howard Jarvis

I believe that a political movement, such as the taxpayers' revolt ["The Week," Aug. 4], needs an anthem. These lines came to me this morning as I drove to work. They sum up the ideology of the movement, and the song to which the words are set underlines the fact that the revolt is wholly within the spirit of our Republic.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE TAXPAYERS

The politicians scorn you 'cause your vote has little weight,
And their hands are in your pockets 'cause they think that it's your fate
Just to sit back and to take it till they've taken your estate.
Their stealing marches on.
Down with government oppression!
Down with government oppression!
Down with government oppression!
Don't take it lying down!

We will show them that we are not lambs and that we'll not be fleeced.
We will take the power in our hands to slay the monstrous beast
That the bureaucrats have conjured up; and on us it does feast.
Our power marches on.
Down with government oppression!
Down with government oppression!
Down with government oppression!
Don't take it lying down!

Walter J. Johanson
New Rochelle, N.Y.

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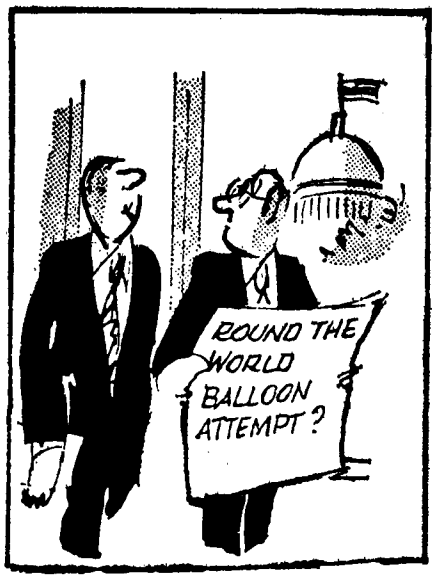
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Phil Crane** pulled the plug and suddenly everyone's getting into the presidential swing. . . . Rep. **John Anderson** (Ill.), chairman of the House Republican Conference, says he'll get in come the new year. Anderson, a moderate Republican, is the *bête noire* of the New Right, which tried to upset him in this spring's primary by running fundamentalist **Don Lyon** against him. . . . **Evans & Novak** say **Jack Kemp** (N.Y.) is setting up a Political Action Committee (PAC) to raise money to publicize his tax-cutting reform legislation, and incidentally to use as a vehicle to launch his presidential drive. . . . That makes three virtually certain candidates on the Right: **Reagan**, Crane, and Kemp, plus, possibly, **Connally**, **Dole**, **Laxalt**. . . . **David Broder** of the *Washington Post* says **George Bush**, a centrist, has been busy in recent weeks signing up most of the key **Gerald Ford** people in New Hampshire, including Rep. **James Cleveland** and N.H. National Committeemen **Robert Bass Jr.** and **Victoria Zachos**. . . . Now comes Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** suggesting that he could play a favorite-son role in that primary. . . . Sen. **Jacob Javits** (presumably relieved that Jack Kemp may not, after all, go after his Senate seat in '80) discounts either a Reagan or a Ford candidacy, but says the party is well endowed with strong presidential timber like, well, liberal Illinois Gov. **James Thompson**, liberal Michigan Gov. **William Milliken**, and liberal Illinois Sen. **Charles Percy**. . . . No one, but no one seems to be including Connecticut's liberal Sen. **Lowell Weicker** on any list, although he has made his availability known.

■ Labor likes and dislikes (mostly the latter). . . . Dislikes Jack Kemp, who was called by AFL-CIO chief lobbyist **Al Barkan** "a double-plated, triple-coated, four-faced, five-plied phony." . . . Dislikes **Jimmy Carter**. Says one union president (attending an AFL-CIO Executive Council): "Labor leaders are ready to take him [Carter] on. They'll either support his opposition in the primaries or sit them out. [But] if **Kennedy** runs, they'll all be for him." . . . Dislikes U.S. District Court Judge **Barrington D. Parker**, who ruled that the National Right to Work Committee need not give the Federal Election Commission the names of people who have contributed to it. The Committee feared union members might be harassed. . . . But likes Chuck Percy. For the first time ever the Illinois AFL-CIO will support a **Republican** in a statewide race.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"The President wants to know how much gas it will use."

■ Some immediate races: A late Republican poll shows **Hugh Carey** still trailing Republican gubernatorial candidate **Perry Duryea** in N.Y. and running neck-and-neck with **Mary Anne Krupsak** in Democratic primary (Sept. 12). . . . Of interest to conservatives, the fight (for attorney general) between **Michael Roth**, the Republican who has been endorsed by the Conservative Party, and **David Caplan**, who will be opposing him in the party's first statewide primary. . . . In three-way New Hampshire GOP senatorial primary (also Sept. 12) conservative airline pilot **Gordon Humphrey** is given good chance of winning against establishment candidate **Jim Masiello**, a moderate. . . . In other senatorial races: Republican contender **Arch Moore** is running just about even with incumbent Democrat **Jennings Randolph** in West Virginia; **Robert Griffin** is just ahead of his Democratic challenger **Carl Levin** in Michigan—he was regarded as sure winner; **Nancy Landon Kassebaum** (daughter of **Alf Landon**) is moving ahead of Democrat **William Roy** in Kansas; and **John Warner**, who replaced the late **Dick Obenshain** as GOP senatorial candiate in Virginia, is running ahead of Democrat **Andrew Miller** despite late entry.

■ **Czech authorities** had troops out in force in Prague, other major cities on tenth anniversary of the Soviet invasion, but they weren't able to prevent a) a meeting of Czech signers of **Charter 77** and Polish dissidents, across the border in Poland, and b) a bomb that destroyed the statue of **Klement Gottwald** in the mining town of Pribram. Gottwald was first Soviet puppet president of Czechoslovakia. . . . Signs of the times: Spain is issuing stamps of eight of **Picasso**'s paintings (not *Guernica*: they haven't changed that much). . . . And **Ladbrokes**, Britain's major betting house, admits it didn't place a single bet on **Albino Cardinal Luciani** in its papal sweepstakes.

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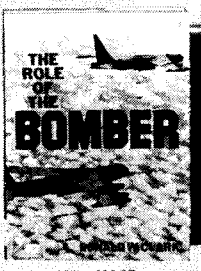

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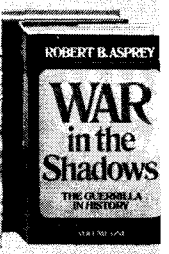

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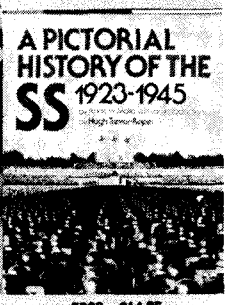

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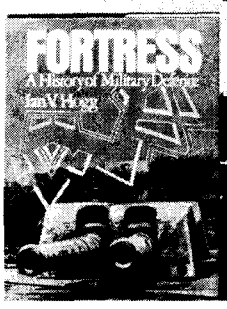

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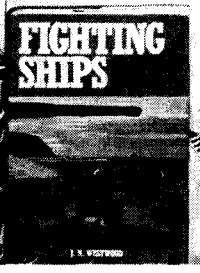

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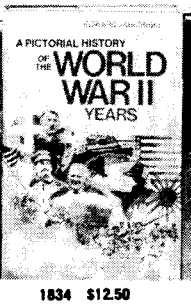

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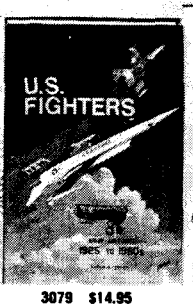

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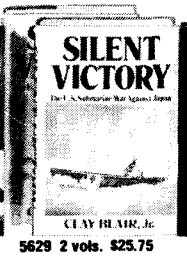

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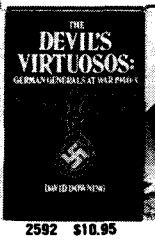

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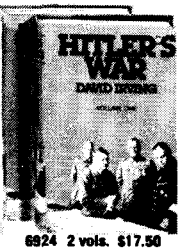

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THE WEEK

■ Worried about its competition, the U.S. Postal Service has invoked the law to put out of business a messenger service in Charleston, S.C., namely Kenny Maguire, 14, who had been delivering wedding invitations and such in his neighborhood for 5¢ to 8¢, which rate the Postal Service can't match. Kenny had made $4 in June and was up to $10 in July when the Feds finally nabbed him.

■ "The New Right: A Political Blight"—so reads the cover of this August's *Federationist*, the AFL-CIO's monthly magazine. (Lest you miss the point, the graphics people supplied a small, white map of America, engulfed by menacing, Rorschach-like shadows.) "The New Right," the *Federationist* concedes inside, "is far more pragmatic and intelligent" than past conservative "fringe" movements; but this only makes it more dangerous. Common situs picketing, the Labor Law Reform Bill, and the campaign to repeal the Hatch Act have all succumbed to the New Right's evil eye; while the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation has been advertising itself in such unlikely forums as *Commentary*, *The New Republic*, and *The New York Review of Books*. The *Federationist* concludes with a little old-time liberal base-stealing: "By imposing a divisive and antagonistic style and strategy into [sic] political affairs, the New Right has also revealed the shallow and distorted nature of its regard for democracy." Democracy, in other words, is okay, just so long as you don't antagonize us-folks.

■ According to the Federal Voting Rights Act, areas that have a significant minority group that speaks a language other than English must be given ballots printed in the other language. Which is why the Federal Government, on behalf of the Lumbee Indians, ordered three counties in North Carolina to print ballots in Lumbee. The only hitch is that there is no Lumbee language. There was once, but the Indians abandoned it in favor of English when white settlers moved into the area. County officials in the beleaguered area are considering applying for a federal grant to invent a new Lumbee language and teach it to the Lumbees.

■ Mr. Carter announces a new national air policy that will "let the middle-American [eh?] tourist and family travel abroad at prices they can afford." The policy will enhance competition, promote better air service, and lower ticket prices. What is the government doing to provide this great benefaction? It is removing its own regulations that interfere with competition, good service, and low fares. On the other hand, as of July 4, the government had dashed off 28,963 pages of new regulations this year, about which Mr. Carter remains mum. He could announce that he is setting the stage for future benefactions when these regulations are removed.

■ And in Ohio, an arbitrator has ruled that, yes, a company's group health plan is *too* required to cover an employee's recent sex-change operation. "Gender dysphoria syndrome," don't you see, falls under "mental and nervous problems." The company was guilty of "a refusal to recognize the relationship between 'mind' and 'body.' " No doubt Hallmark will soon be required to provide a suitable get-well card.

■ Six days and $125,000 are somewhat worse terms than Sir Freddie Laker offers for a transatlantic flight, but the three balloonists of the *Double Eagle II* have nonetheless received a welcome worthy of Lindbergh and Eisenhower. It's been a long time since a French crown roared "*Vive les Americains!*" and it's nice to hear it again. The achievement hardly opens new technological vistas, as did *The Spirit of St. Louis*, but that's all right. It was a harmless and exhilarating exercise in heroism for heroism's sake. The world can still, uh, relate to that.

■ North Carolina is out of order. Its pine forests have not been fitted with catalytic converters and continue to disgorge huge quantities of hydrocarbons into North Carolina's air, which consequently continues to fail to meet federal ozone standards. Something's got to give, and it won't be the pine forests, because the Forestry folk back in D.C. have regulations protecting them. If science does come up with a miracle device to purify pine tree effluvia, that will cause trouble for the geographers and map-makers. The reason North Carolina's Smoky Mountains are smoky is because of the haze around the pine trees.

■ Thirty-two Protestant ministers and 13 laymen have signed a letter to President Carter pleading for the relief of Lebanon's Christians. Since early summer, two former allies—the Maronite (Eastern rite) Catholic militias, and the Syrian "peacekeeping" forces—have been at loggerheads. Syrian tactics include the promiscuous sniping and artillery bombardment of Christian areas—what *The Economist* has called "a refinement of cruelty to the civilian population." The American Protestants condemn the "savage butchery," and declare: "It is Syria's deliberate and calculated purpose to exterminate or expel practically the whole Lebanese Christian community." This is something of an oversimplification. The Syrians worked *with* the Maronite militias during much of the Lebanese civil war; the Maronites do not constitute the "whole Lebanese Christian community" (southern Lebanon is 85 per cent non-Maronite, and

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Innovative self-destruction•Engines of change•An alternative to planned chaos

Capitalism—or democratic capitalism, or a system of free choice, or whatever you choose to call the U.S. economic system—is perhaps the most dynamic paradox around.

Like democracy, it is the worst system except for all the other systems mankind has tried.

Like mankind itself, it spends a lot of time on the ropes, but it always bounces back.

Because of the mixed economy that has resulted from government intervention, our system has been called "capitalism in an oxygen tent." But reports of its death are greatly exaggerated.

It survives by a process of innovative self-destruction. Which is to say, democratic capitalism compulsively develops new and better ways of doing things. Thus it makes obsolete the very practices that strengthened it in an earlier time.

This process is, by its very nature, endless. In a free society, mankind's entrepreneurial spirit tells him he has to improve on existing products and processes and procedures if he is to create a competitive edge for himself, or even just to meet competition. Thus is relentless improvement built into the system.

This perpetual change is one of the main reasons that what we loosely call capitalism is so hard to define. It is also the main reason that what passes for capitalism in some countries is such a far cry from the dynamic democratic capitalism to which we Americans are accustomed—imperfect but always trying to correct its imperfections. And always learning from experience, even when it learns the hard way.

The stern discipline that compels productive innovation is the requirement that a privately owned business earn a profit—i.e., that it meet a need and meet it efficiently enough to have something left over to meet tomorrow's needs. The system polices itself pretty well, overall; private businesses that cannot achieve the requisite efficiency usually go under.

In a state-controlled economy, you have just the opposite. Not being required to earn a profit, government businesses have little interest in holding down costs. They tend to develop a single objective: status quo and self-preservation at all costs. Those costs become increasingly higher as such organizations strive toward political, rather than economic, objectives.

Thus an essential difference between government and private businesses is the difference between rigidity and creativity. Economic systems run by government tend, by their doctrinal nature, to be static, because any departure from dogma is labeled heresy. This produces a static situation, but static socialism is still socialism.

Static capitalism, on the other hand, would be a contradiction in terms. Capitalism cheerfully occupies itself with a continuing confession of error as it labors to outdate yesterday's improvements. It tends to question the validity of all revealed wisdom that locks itself into any tight doctrine not supported by experience and common sense. It operates on the old Army doctrine that if you're comfortable, you're out of position.

Democratic capitalism is a form of institutionalized self-interest in which most large corporations have to serve a very large mass market if they are to survive and prosper. This makes them democrats of the marketplace, in contrast to those who seem to fear the decisions free people will make if left to their own devices.

Those who argue for a dominant role for government in our economy maintain that an economy that is not centrally planned and heavily regulated is necessarily chaotic. They don't seem to grasp that our system is a continuing revolution, and revolutions are almost invariably untidy. The bureaucrat's impulse is to try to neaten things up, which seldom serves the consumer's interest.

Capitalism, with all its imperfections and its driving ebullience, admittedly spends much of its life in an untidy state of cliff-hanging crisis—just as mankind always has. But indices used to measure the state of the U.S. economy indicate that the fabulous invalid has survived another bout of illness and, with proper nourishment and the right amount of constructive neglect, will pull through again. Which should be good news for all of us, especially for those still struggling to work their way out of poverty.

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most of its Christians are Orthodox); and rival Maronite factions have been killing each other at a brisk pace, with no help from the Syrians. Still, it is good to see American Christians excited about *something*—and, while straightening out the complications in Lebanon, perhaps they can also turn their attention to the slaughtering of missionaries in Rhodesia, or the prostitution of the churches in the Soviet Union.

■ The highly publicized trials of Soviet dissidents—i.e., citizens who say or write something displeasing to the regime—lead some of us to overlook the fact that such trials and the accompanying punishments are a permanent feature of all Communist nations. As reminder: On August 20, ten years after the Soviets' crushing of the Prague Spring, scores of Czech dissidents—writers, scientists, students, ordinary workers—are still in jail or labor camps, and many more, held indefinitely without trial, wait for disposition of the charges against them. These prisoners include many of those who last year signed Charter 77, a statement calling on the Czech government to observe the terms of the Helsinki accord. Among them: the agronomist Ales Machasek and the nuclear physicist Vladimir Lastuvka, jailed for distributing the Charter 77 document; the workers Miloslav Cerny and Frantisek Pitor, jailed for distributing posters supporting Charter 77; Ivan Jirous, art historian, jailed for referring to the Charter at a music festival; Gustav Vlasty, Miloslav Vlojek, Jiri Kritz, Milan Turek, Viktor Groh, Zdenek Cervenek, workers, jailed for signing the Charter; Petr Cibulka, worker, in detention, charged with signing the Charter and distributing music tapes; Vera Cibulkova, Petr's mother, detained on the same charges; Micha Kobal, detained on charges of distributing documents that discussed the political situation in Czechoslovakia; Vojtech Vala, former diplomat, detained on charges of trying to leave the country; Robert Mergantz, technician, detained on charges of trying to help Vala; Jiri Grusa, novelist, awaiting trial on charges of incitement and of distributing his novel; Pavel Roubat, technician, charged with incitement for allegedly letting his flat be used in binding *samizdat* literature.

■ Chairman Hua Kuo-feng has been kicking up his heels with old revisionists like Josip Broz Tito and even running dogs like the Shah of Iran, while flinging sassy barbs across the borders of the Soviet Union. He also dropped in on Rumania, and there is talk of his visiting the nations of Western Europe. Back home, too, the Red Chinese have been opening up a bit, allowing foreign visitors into a hundred or so previously off-limits cities, and generally relaxing internal censorship. Unfortunately, the Gang of Four still has followers who control numerous areas, and the Soviet-backed Vietnamese seem to be beating hell out of the Chinese-backed Cambodians (with the help of captured American bombers). The Soviets are greatly annoyed by Hua's effronteries and are dropping very broad hints that if he provokes a war, which he is manifestly straining to do, the People will win hands down.

■ The Vietnamese are pounding the Cambodians, with the aforementioned American jets. If they win, it may be the second proudest day of Sam Brown's life. Meanwhile the Vietnamese economy is ailing, what with simultaneous war and massive slave defections, and the Chinese are firing from the north. The Vietnamese People want to be pals with the American People, and have genially returned four American corpses, heretofore MIA, to some visiting American congressmen. Sounds like the perfect moment to persuade George McGovern to vote for aid to Vietnam.

■ INDOCHINA WATCH: Cambodia has angrily rejected

Rumanian Hora

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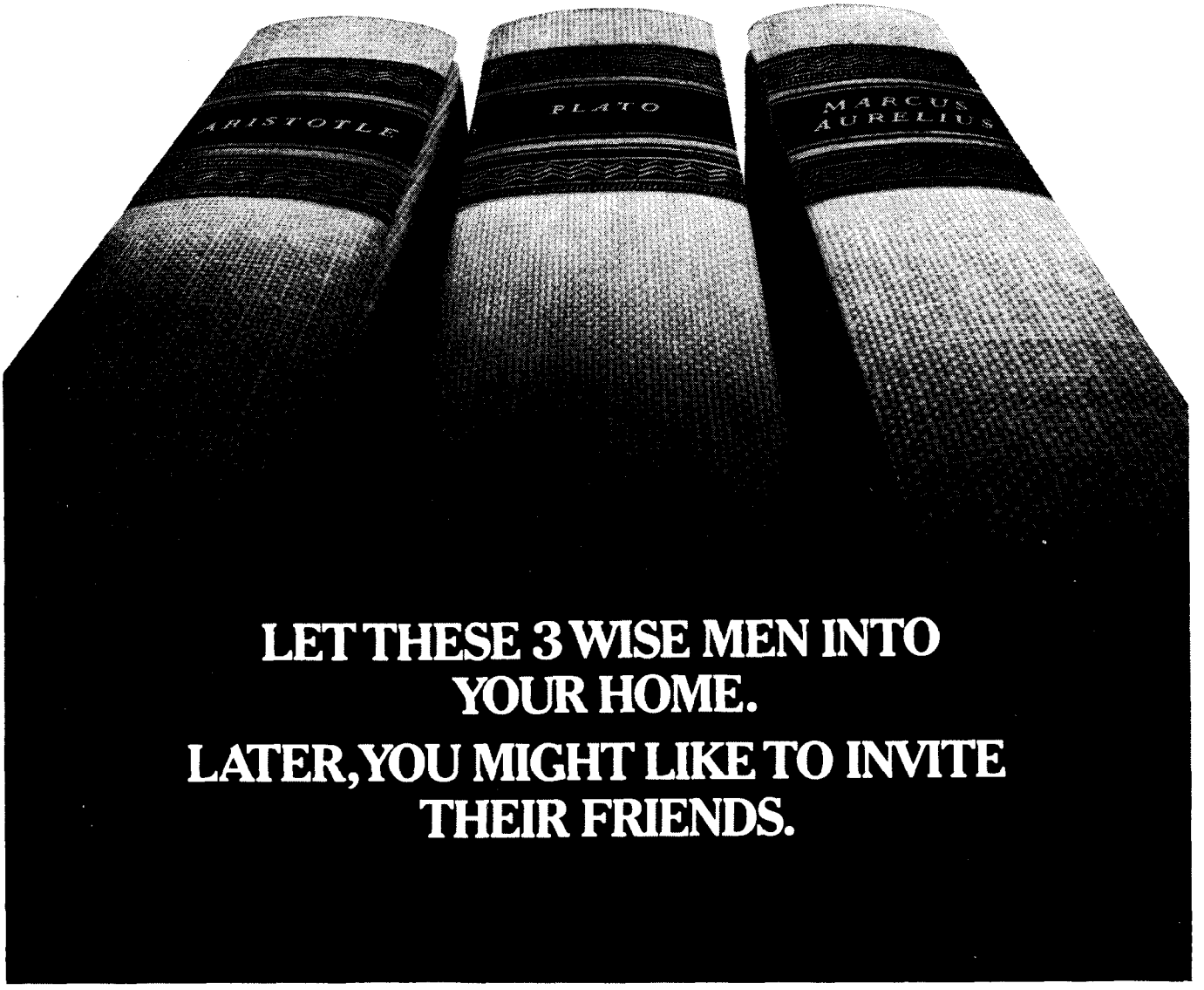

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charges of human rights violations brought before the UN Human Rights Commission by Great Britain, insisting that it "does not murder" but pursues a "noble and virtuous goal [by serving the people] on a basis of just policies." Meanwhile, the people, or as many as can make it, try to flee by land and by sea. Charles Twining, the State Department man in charge of monitoring what goes on in Cambodia, estimates that only one of every five Cambodians who tries to flee the country succeeds. The estimates are that at any given time there are five thousand other people adrift in the South China Sea and the Gulf of Thailand, escapees from the national liberators in Cambodia, Vietnam, and Laos. Of that number, between 40 and 60 per cent drown or succumb to disease, or starvation, or thirst. They would rather be dead, than red.

■ Cambodia, which is challenging Albania for the title of world's most un-aligned nation, had more troubles at the recent non-aligned nations meeting in Belgrade. It attempted to have "expansionism" added to the non-aligned Index of prohibited abstractions. Others already on the list include "neo-colonialism," "hegemonism," "racism," and that old favorite "imperialism." The Cambodian motion was defeated through tough lobbying by the Cuban and Vietnamese delegations.

■ Vladimir Bukovsky, the Russian physicist and dissident who was released from a Soviet concentration camp in exchange for Luis Corvalán, leader of the Chilean Communist Party, has written a number of articles and letters to the West European press this summer calling for the transfer of the 1980 Olympic Games away from Moscow. In an article that appeared in the widely circulated Sunday edition of the Hamburg newspaper *Die Welt*, Bukovsky stressed that the holding of the Games in Moscow "would create the impression that Western public opinion supports Soviet penal policy. . . . The USSR intends to present a benign image of a nation which is all Games and no Gulag. The free world must not give respectability to an aggressive, totalitarian regime . . . May I ask all who care for liberty and freedom to press for the removal of the 1980 Olympics from Moscow to Montreal, where the stadium built in 1976 is still available."

Watch on the Oder

In Eastern Europe, 15,000 tanks
Flow back and forth like movements of the sea.
Unlike their predecessors, noisy clanks
Don't indicate their presence to a tee;
That's why our generals in Germany
Buy underarm deodorants in pots,
While others, in the interest of *esprit*,
Hide agonizing cases of the trots.
Through leaks and whispers, their unhappy lots
Wound up in Jimmy's office for review;
Who, rivaling the closeness of the Scots,
Decided to revive the old U-2.
Though Lockheed's happy with the orders placed,
The generals look rather pasty-faced.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ "The internationalist aid given to Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union, Poland, the German Democratic Republic, Hungary, and Bulgaria [read: their tanks in the streets of Prague] not only ensured the protection of socialism in our land but was in keeping with the interests of consolidating the position of socialism and peace in Europe and throughout the world [read: any attempt at liberalization in any Soviet satellite will be brutally crushed]." Statement of Vasil Bilak, of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the Liberation of Prague, Aug. 22, 1968.

■ It is now a $100 offense to let your dog leave his droppings on the sidewalks of New York, and believe you us, the city is the nicer for it. On the other hand, the local SPCA reports that the number of abandoned pets has jumped 25 per cent. The strain on dogs and owners is concededly great, what with the protracted newspaper strike. Where's the *Times* when you need it most?

■ The General Services Administration allows lower-level bureaucrats a toilet and sink in 25 square feet of bathroom space per office; Cabinet members get a toilet, sink, vanity, and shower in 45 square feet.

■ They learn the facts of life early down on the farm. Last week Miss Roxane Fitzpatrick of Terre Haute, Indiana sold her grand champion steer at the state fair for $14,000. This week she was advised by the watchful IRS that she has three weeks to cough up some $2,200 in short-term capital gains taxes.

■ Season's award for Least Ideologically Classifiable Utterance goes to *New York Daily News* reader Bill Russo. Mr. Russo wrote in to register his hearty agreement with Andrew Young that this country *does* have its share of political prisoners. He cited Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Mitchell.

■ THE PERILS OF PARODY DEPARTMENT. Some months back, struggling to reveal the deep inner meaning of the FDA's attack on saccharin, this department composed the following: "The Food and Drug Administration has announced as expected that it is banning the use of sodium chloride, a chemical agent frequently added to

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processed foods and marketed separately under the name of table salt. The ban was imposed on the basis of foreign research demonstrating that laboratory rats, when fed the human equivalent of 3,200 cans of salted peanuts or 112 pounds of water softener, became irritable, thirsty, and suicidal. Although this decision is expected to be unpopular in some quarters, we applaud the FDA's courageous insistence that the government's herd of prize taxpayers swallow exactly what they are told. Every year the government loses billions of dollars of desperately needed revenue due to the untimely deaths of taxpayers, many of whom salted their popcorn or French fries without even tasting first. The FDA action will avert this senseless and tragic loss." This week the FDA announces that it is considering regulating—salt.

■ Upward social mobility buffs may wish to note that one-time black power militant H. Rap Brown is now a grocer in Atlanta.

■ Oops. A Midwest ice cream vendor has been arrested for peddling marijuana along with the ice cream. Police are wondering what to do with four hundred "fudgie bars."

■ Last year it was a power blackout, and the private sector ran amok. This year we have a newspaper strike, and we're wondering what in hell the public sector is getting away with. Are the bureaucrats running riot out there? Please address confirmation—or reassurance—to NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016—and quick, before the mail strike.

Is the SALT Spilling?

The SALT talks continue, taking up specific unresolved questions, e.g., the classification of the Soviet Backfire bomber, the range of the cruise missile, the MX mobile launching system. But increasingly the focus is not on these details but on whether there is to be a SALT II agreement at all. The history of attempting to avoid war by quantitative arms limits is dismal, and there is growing support for the idea that the arms competition is naturally approaching its own level of stabilization. If so—the argument runs—better let it happen naturally, since such a level would rest on built-in factors of stability rather than on artificial agreements, which inspire cheating and suspicion of cheating.

The Committee on the Present Danger is strongly opposing SALT II, as are other groups. The *Wall Street Journal* published a reasoned article by Kenneth Adelman of the Stanford Research Institute arguing that the broadening scope of strategic defense, including cruise missiles, MIRVs, killer satellites, civil defense, etc., has moved the problem into areas which defy verification by satellites. The American Enterprise Institute has published opposing views by former Senator Fulbright, who predictably argues that opposition to SALT II reflects outdated cold-war zealotry, and by former Army Chief of Staff Maxwell Taylor, who argues in favor of a unilateral strategy. Congressional skepticism is epidemic.

". . . and I solemnly swear to assume my fair share of the household chores—on one condition: I don't do windows."

Running scared, the Administration has published the results of a study conducted by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency the object of which is to prove to doubters that whatever else SALT does, it won't weaken the relative strategic position of the United States. The ACDA was ambivalent, however, first acknowledging that the Soviets are catching up strategically, then arguing that it makes no difference because the Soviets already have "essential parity" and by the mid-1980s will be able to destroy 90 per cent of the existing American land-based missiles. Clearly, this rationale is based on the premise of Mutual Assured Destruction. Unfortunately, no one has been able to confirm that the Soviets share this premise or, if they do share it, to explain why Moscow keeps building more. Mr. Adelman reminded us that in 1965 Secretary McNamara assured Americans that "there is no indication that the Soviets are seeking to develop a strategic force as large as ours." Well.

Meanwhile, President Carter has been warned that he should not bring a SALT agreement to the Senate without the certainty that he has a two-thirds majority.

Rights and Wrongs

Senator Edward Kennedy has pronounced a new human right: national health care. This has nothing to do with the resources of a society. "A conditional right is basically not a right" at all. "We don't condition Social Security on the rate of inflation or the size of unemploy-

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An Interesting Pope

Rome—Cardinal Albino Luciani left for Rome in an auto, on August 22. Most of the cardinals had been in Rome for some time, and there were many important conversations. For some reason Luciani decided that he should return and settle some matters in Venice. He has always had orderly habits and keeps neat dossiers on every subject. On August 22 he was accompanied by his secretary, who drove the vehicle, and they made it down the Venice-Rome highway without mishap, but as they were coming into Rome the car broke down. It was a blue Lancia Fulvia, with Venetian license plate 261885. They took a taxi and went to the International Augustinian College of Saint Monica, across from the Holy Office, and the next morning the cardinal talked to an auto mechanic named Pasquale Grasso, who has a garage near the Porta Sant' Anna, about getting the Lancia Fulvia fixed. "I have to go home in a few days, and I don't know how to get the car back if I leave it here," said Luciani.

The weather was very hot. Half the conclave was led by Cardinal Felici, and the other half was in confusion. Luciani's name did not appear much in the newspapers, but *Le Monde* in Paris, which had omitted him entirely from its list of candidates, alluded to him, just before the election, as a specimen of the most reactionary type of Italian cardinal. His name was first on *that* list, ahead even of Siri. *Time* said that Felici had abandoned his own hopes and had resolved to support Luciani. *Newsweek* said that Cardinal Benelli supported Luciani. It is understood that Benelli wanted a rehabilitation of Archbishop Lefebvre, a stiffening of Italian anti-Communism, and a prudent examination of any policies recommended by the French. Perhaps some cardinals also felt, in view of the crisis in the religious orders, that a pope is needed who is entirely at ease in theological discussions.

On the morning of the 25th, Luciani went to the garage to see about having the car ready for the end of the conclave. That afternoon the Augustinians offered him hopes that he would be elected, and he said, "Thank you, but I will come back right away." They voted twice before luncheon on Saturday, and it was virtually settled. A lot of food had been brought in from Castel Gandolfo, in preparation for a long conclave, and it was a pity to think it would not be needed. After lunch they sang the *Veni Creator* and elected him, and, having put on a white cassock, he received the formal pledge of obedience from each. Next day all church bells throughout the province of Venice were rung at 9 A.M., at noon, and at six in the evening.

On Saturday evening he said "I," but by Sunday he had fully adapted himself to use of the papal "We." He spoke for a very long time. The papers said John Paul I was "the candidate of the right wing of the Curia." They said he personified "the immutability of the classical system of Catholic theology." The Communist *L'Unità* said: "The uncertainty existed only in the minds of the journalists. . . . Once again, the 'princes' of the Church have proved themselves to be unusually discreet." Cardinal Benelli came out of the conclave radiant, radiant. Archbishop Lefebvre was said, in the press, to be hostile; but it is known that for years he has been waiting for something like this and could not possibly have hoped for a more promising development. NBC said that the Marxists who have largely taken over the Church in Nicaragua and other Latin American countries will do as they please, and ignore the Pope. Andrew Greeley said that nobody really cares who is elected pope.

—F. CLINTON

ment or the size of the deficit," he explained. That's true. But the health of the national economy is uninsurable under his plan.

For the most part, Kennedy's declaration is old-fashioned political blather: what he means is that *his* national health care bill is a basic human right. Carter's proposal, an incremental nationalization of health care bearing some relation to what the nation can afford, is stingy and and unprincipled, according to Kennedy, whose barrage marks the beginning of the Democratic Left's assault on Carter.

But there is a theoretical point underneath all the blather. Roughly it is that the right to life (proclaimed in the Declaration) implies a right to anything that helps to preserve life or make it more comfortable. From such promiscuous theorizing rights without number are born: the right to health care, to higher education, to ranch-style houses on spacious corner lots—the whole familiar litany.

That one cannot find these rights in the Declaration or Constitution is not surprising, since they are not there; and for good reason. The right to life means, as a more intrepid discoverer than Senator Kennedy once expressed it, that individuals should not do unto their neighbors as they would not have their neighbors do unto them. In other words, it is a right to the *forbearance* of others. Senator Kennedy's interpretation is exactly the opposite, being a claim on the *services* of others—of doctors, teachers, home builders, indeed everyone but Jimmy Carter, whose services Kennedy seems quite willing to dispense with. Carried to its extreme, the right to life violates the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and government becomes destructive of its ends, and, hoo boy, the trouble *really* begins.

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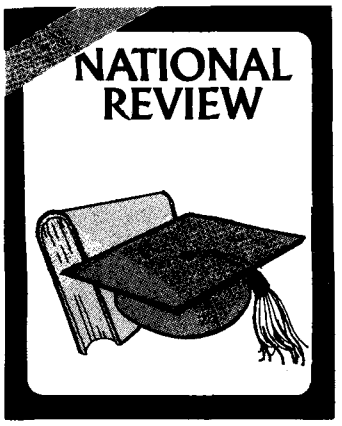

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Energy Stalemate

With characteristically sleazy and inept political maneuvering, the Carter Administration has apparently bungled any chance of getting its natural gas legislation through the Senate. The story (denied, of course) began with a deal with Senator McClure to expand breeder reactor research in his state in exchange for his committee vote on the Carter natural gas compromise. That lost a few likely votes of the anti-breeder bunch (Hatfield, Bumpers), while Senator Baker was disgruntled about the secret agreement to dump the Clinch River breeder project in his state. The net result was about 18 senators, of all shades of opinion, threatening to filibuster the natural gas bill unless it is thoroughly emasculated.

So, what should be done about energy policy? As important as natural gas is, the issue is hopelessly stalled and should therefore be set aside for a while. Instead of asking Congress to raise the consumer price of domestic oil with a wellhead tax, the President should promptly move to deregulate domestic oil prices and end the related entitlements subsidy to oil importers. He could then leave it to Congress to decide what to do about any "windfall profits" that might develop (a simple severance tax per barrel would do).

The apparent alternative of a tariff on imported oil only makes sense if we first eliminate the gap between domestic and imported oil prices (which would itself dampen demand for OPEC oil). Driving imported oil prices up under the current arrangements would simply result in larger entitlements payments to import-dependent refiners.

A sensible energy policy would promote economic efficiency, but would have little impact on the dollar. Oil imports fell 2.9 per cent in July, but the dollar fell too. The dollar falls because the supply of dollars exceeds the demand. Only the Federal Reserve can do something about that. Energy is important and so is the dollar, but muddling the two issues won't help, either.

The Voting Wrongs Amendment

Most of the arguments raised in the Senate concerning the District of Columbia voting amendment were frivolous or disingenuous. If Washington—pop. 733,000—can have two senators, argued James McClure (R., Idaho), why can't Dallas—pop. 815,000—or Indianapolis—pop. 738,000? (On the other hand, if Washington can't, what about Wyoming—pop. 332,000—or indeed, Idaho—pop. 713,000?)

The question of race, equally irrelevant, was taken more seriously. Supporters of the amendment argued, correctly, that Washington had been stripped of local self-government in the late nineteenth century in order to keep its swelling black population politically impotent. Yet even Senator Bilbo cannot be charged with conspiring to deprive the District of its just representation in Congress, since it had never been intended to have any.

The amendment's supporters nevertheless transformed it into a kind of Civil Rights referendum. "Take out the black issue," one senator told the *Washington Post*, "and people wouldn't have a problem voting against it."

The amendment is a disaster, constitutionally and politically. The District, according to Section 1, shall be treated "as though it were a State . . . for the purposes of representation in the Congress, election of the President and Vice President, and article V of this Constitution." Article V deals with constitutional amendments, which must be ratified by three-fourths of the state legislatures. What is Washington's legislature—the City Council? Politically, the amendment will install in the Senate two guaranteed Federal Government mouthpieces. "There is a fundamental conflict of interest," said S. J. Hayakawa (R., Calif.), "between the District of Columbia and the fifty states." Washington rises or falls with the expansion or contraction of the Federal Government; it has no stake in the Ninth Amendment.

The residents of the District pay taxes and serve in the armed forces. If it is therefore just that they have the right to vote for senators and representatives, then let the White House, the Capitol, and any other federal buildings be Vaticanized, and the District merged with Virginia or Maryland.

A Sinking Feeling

Sad but true—the signs are there. The quadripartite democratic regime in Salisbury is beginning to suffer symptoms of a kind of self-perpetuating corrosion. With elections not scheduled for another four months, things are not going well. Guerrilla violence is now acknowledged to have entered Salisbury itself. The most popular of the quadrumvirate, Bishop Muzorewa, cannot nowadays seem to attract a respectable crowd. Two other

Barry Bosworth, Right Too Often

They didn't slice his head off
  Like John the Baptist's, say,
Nor did he twist as Joan did
  At her *auto-da-fé*.
He's still at work for Jimmy—
  Though no name's on the door—
But he won't be appearing
  On talk shows anymore.

W. H. VON DREELE

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members, Ian Smith and Chief Chirau, have agreed to attend an all-party conference with guerrilla leaders Nkomo and Mugabe. Muzorewa acknowledges that civil war may occur. There are even reports that the two guerrilla forces feel close enough to victory to start fighting among themselves over which one will inherit the patrimony of Zimbabwe. To cap it off, the Rhodesian Statistical Office has published a report showing that the number of whites leaving Rhodesia is growing—1,342 in July, the most for any single month since last December.

Two things can be said. First, Ian Smith moved too late in forming the quadrumvirate, just as he had moved too late before. Two years ago it could have worked. Second, the internal settlement got no support and precious little encouragement from abroad. We cannot know how much difference our hostility made. But starting with Andrew Young's annoyed prediction of defeat, let history record that the one serious effort at bi-racialism in Africa was gunned down by Soviet weaponry and Western acquiescence.

Your Friendly Neighborhood Terrorists

Terrorists International had a busy August. For all 1978 to date it has been showing a faster rate of growth than any other of the multinationals.

In August's operations, the showing of TerInt's Iranian and Central American divisions was outstanding. After a couple of weeks of nicely coordinated assassinations and riots in a half-dozen of Iran's largest cities, the Persian Gulf oil center of Abadan was selected for the Hit of the Month, a gasoline-fed roasting of a movie audience that totted up five hundred or so dead and a still uncounted roster of wounded. TerInt's Nicaraguan staff probably qualifies for an entry in Guinness for its zestfully executed takeover of the National Palace with (according to revised reports) up to 2,000 persons, including the majority of the nation's officials and legislators, in it. The staff's graceful exit to Panama—with cartons of money, a select group of high-ranking religious, political, and financial hostages as guarantors, the happy cheers of bystanders, and intermingled media representatives to assure full global coverage—won worldwide applause.

In Catalonia, Galicia, and the Basque provinces, TerInt branches chalked up several policemen and two senior political officials. As TerInt announced through the media, the purpose of the killings was to let King Carlos and the present Spanish government know that they are scheduled for early liquidation.

A large crowd of Londoners was treated to an especially exciting TerInt spectacular in the course of which an El Al airport bus was shot up, a stewardess and a bobbie killed, sundry other persons wounded, and hundreds of bullets sprayed at random.

The Corsican group's achievement for the month was perhaps even more impressive. On August 10 a TerInt "demolition squad," as it named itself, entered the grounds of the Château de Fornali, the largest and most costly castle in Corsica, located on the northern shore, overpowered and tied up the caretakers and other employees and servants (the owner, M. Ferdinand Beghin, European sugar king, was absent), methodically placed explosives at appropriate places, and blew the whole structure to pieces. To ensure appropriate publicity, two journalists working for Corsican newspapers were invited, taken to the Château before the explosives were detonated, introduced to twenty masked and armed men, given a little talk on the doings of the day, and moved to a safe post from which to watch and record the fireworks.

August also saw the usual quota of bombings (up about 1,000 per cent, globally, in the past decade), several air hijacks, assaults, kidnappings, Italian leg-shoots, blowings-up of high-voltage California pylons, arsons, jail breaks (there was a quietly successful example in West Germany, where two old-line TerInt technicians just seemed to disappear), the customary butcheries in Rhodesia, a number of killings in Argentina, etc.

Fortunately, we are all getting used to it. Terrorists are part of the Scene. There they are on the tube, looking just like you and me, appearing between the test tube baby and the President's Salmon River raft. Most of them are young, young women along with the men, many of them nice looking, and obviously well educated: they could be your neighbors or even your own children. So there are some bombings and shoot-outs and what's new? You've got the same thing every evening in the serials and specials. Mind your own business and they won't bother you.

It's a relief that Congress and the media cut the FBI and CIA down to size and fixed the rules so they can't get mixed up in all this sordid stuff.

John Paul I

Nobody is quite sure what to make of the new pontiff, whose election would have been surprising enough even if it hadn't been so swift. The London *Daily Telegraph* mused on his innovative choice of a double name, and breathed its relief that this had turned out not to be an homage to Sartre. In light of recent events within the Church, that kind of reassurance is not altogether unwelcome.

The double name is of course homage to this pope's two predecessors, a sign that he intends to continue the policies he faithfully subserved during their reigns. How he will do this it is idle to predict. But his intention may

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reflect not only his own will but what he perceives as the mandate of his electors.

John Paul is 65, by no means old as papal candidates go, but he has a widely publicized record of ill health, and there has been speculation that he, like John XXIII, was chosen as an "interim" pope. After John, though, that assumption is unlikely to have guided many cardinals. John Paul may have been a compromise candidate —he was certainly a dark horse—but his youthful sickliness probably wasn't a serious factor.

The celerity with which he was chosen suggests that the College of Cardinals found him, quite simply, acceptable as head of the Church for the foreseeable future. Interesting as his personal qualities are—his favorite authors include Dickens, Scott, and Chesterton—his relevant traits as a prospective pope tell us as much about the cardinals themselves as about John Paul.

He is deeply orthodox in matters of faith and morals. Despite earlier wavering, he vociferously supported Paul on contraception. In electing him, the cardinals must have known they were sending a message to a deeply divided laity and clergy on this very issue: namely, that the question is, for this generation at least, closed. Moreover, despite talk of Vatican accommodation with the Communist world, the cardinals chose a pope who has been aggressively anti-Communist both in his relations with left-leaning priests and in Italian politics. "Marxism," he says bluntly, "is incompatible with Christianity." Yet on social issues he is otherwise liberal, in the tradition of John and Paul, with active sympathy for the poor.

For the first time in generations, moreover, we have a pope who has few Curial ties and no diplomatic experience. He is a pastoral pope. This may mean that the Church is turning inward, after the unsettling years of *aggiornamento* and efforts to reach out to, and come to terms with, the non-Catholic and secular world. His election may herald a period of internal consolidation and reaffirmation of many things that, for many Catholics particularly, have seemed to have fallen in doubt. The Church has been redefining itself for over a decade, and with the accession of John Paul I it appears to be settling down, putting the needs of the confused faithful ahead of the exigencies of worldly relations, and perhaps making an effort to see that what has been redefined is still clearly defined. The Catholic Church has changed profoundly, but not radically. Samuel Johnson remarked that men more often need to be reminded than informed, and the reign of John Paul I may prove to be a healthy era of reminders of what the Church finally stands for.

Jimmy Sings

All alone by the telephone:
  Not a speaking date in view.
All alone with my ice cream cone
  Wond'ring where you are;
  The door's ajar . . .
I'm all alone, feeling bleary—
  Though I shun Billy's brew,
Wishing when that jar hit Teddy's car
  He'd caught catarrh, TB, or flu.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Two new nouns came into my possession—one quite by accident on Sunday last and one yesterday from Mike Brown in exchange and by design and here they are seriatim:

1. Asses' bridge (*pons asinorum*): fifth proposition, Book I of Euclid—the angles of the bases of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another—a difficulty for students of geometry: "a schoolboy stammering out his asses' bridge."

2. Ockham's razor (this from Mike Brown)—sometimes Occam's razor: Webster's: the philosophic rule that entities should not be multiplied unnecessarily. Random House: the maxim that assumptions introduced to explain a thing must not be multiplied beyond necessity. Clawed into the vulgate I assume this means that a case should not be overstated—in grosser terms, one should not over-egg one's platter.

3. Would I be guilty of tushery if I said that Carter's Ockham's razor was your asses' bridge—also the asses' bridge of the whole Republic. . . . I sigh a lot lately.

Yours ever,
Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, California

Dear Charles: No. You could be guilty of something else, but I can't think of the word for it. Best, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

You have addressed your appeal for a substantial contribution to a badly faltering enterprise to the wrong person in my family. My husband is the subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW. He is of a conservative nature, you might even say a nineteenth century conservative nature. He is of cautious temperament. He is a pragmatist, a rationalist, an optimist (also in a good nineteenth century manner). His thinking processes would prevent him from committing a large sum of money to an enter-

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prise which, the owner baldly states, might disappear in six weeks. You are asking him to take quite a chance.

I, on the other hand, not only am generally unafraid to take leaps in the dark, on occasion I positively relish the thought. I am the liberal (albeit small *l*), the Democrat (big *D*) the supporter of big budgets and big plans, big flings, and sometimes big flops. Your appeal appeals to me. It also appeals to my daughter and my son, a painter and a pianist respectively. In terms of being practical, they have inherited their mother's tendencies. They have also inherited a love of language (I shall give their father some of the credit for that), and this is one big reason why we like the NATIONAL REVIEW, even when it drives us up the wall, as it frequently does. You write so well that we immediately know whether or not we should be outraged. I cannot say this of any other magazine of my acquaintance. You are also not afraid to pontificate on behalf of "freedom, transcendence, beauty, and order." Most people are just embarrassed by those words. We are convinced that those terms represent ideas as important to you as they are to us.

Therefore, the enclosed pledge comes not from Walter Arnstein (whose heart is in it but not his pocketbook) but from Charlotte, Sylvia, and Peter Arnstein. I wish it could be more. Long may the NATIONAL REVIEW flourish! (Henry Wallace, forgive me.)

Sincerely yours,
Charlotte C. Arnstein
Champaign, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Arnstein: On behalf of Henry Wallace, RIP, I forgive you for voting for him. And, gee, thanks a lot. I'll look at Sylvia's paintings and listen to Peter's piano any time. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I enjoyed reading your annual request for donations to save *NR*. It could not have come at a worse time. I just received a 10 per cent rent increase (in spite of Prop. 13), a 10 per cent cost of living increase, and renewal cards for all of my memberships. Since I am a graduate student at UC, I face a certain tuition increase along with increases in textbooks, none of which is deductible. Also, there will be no increase in my graduate fellowship: $8,500.

This is not all, however. The taxes and insurance fees on my two sailboats have become unreasonable. A recent storm in the Pacific virtually destroyed one of them (no loss of life to the crew) and the repairs—new mast, rigging, sails, etc.—have been costly.

This (all of the above) has forced me to make certain cutbacks:

1. A $79.95 Davis sextant instead of a Plath.
2. A smaller cut to my imported cigars.
3. Beer instead of Scotch.

I only wish all people could be so unfortunate.

I have a dilemma: save the whales, save the country, or save my boat. This is not an easy decision for a PhD candidate to make. I will, however, make you an offer. I will be willing to sacrifice my lifestyle if you will do the following:

1. Join the United States Yacht Racing Union ($15). (I did not see your name).
2. Support a boycott of the Olympic games if the USSR does not show *some* tact. I don't want a repeat of '36.
3. Save your money and don't send me a token of your thanks.

As in all things, the above demands are negotiable, except for Number 3. Sincerely yours,
John Kinney
Livermore, California

P.S.: If you agree with *all* three, not only will I give you a donation *every* year, but I will buy a Braille subscription of *NR* for Jimmy Carter so he can get back in touch with current events.

P.P.S.: Any sailboat with a piano is lucky to get out of harbor—let alone make it across the Atlantic.

Dear Mr. Kinney: 1) Okay, send application form. 2) Okay, please define *tact*. 3) Okay. Provided you buy the exiguous token at your bookstore. Coming up in October: *A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts*. 4) *NR* is unavailable in Braille, but it is available through Services for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, Library of Congress. 5) The fact of it is Cyrano *did* make it across the Atlantic, but the piano got out of tune, so I sold the boat last month. Cordially, WFB

■ Classified Department
National Review

Please insert the following ad in the earliest possible edition:

"Retired, successful, mature (65) WASP gentleman desires attractive, mature, female counterpart (located in Conn. or N.Y.) as companion on luxury 90-day world cruise starting in Jan. 1979. Must sew on buttons and be dedicated devotee of both the sacred and the profane. Write *NR* Box 3134."

You may edit, if necessary, but please do not destroy the basic meaning.

Thank you.

P.S. Enclosed check for $32.05 covering 47 words @ 65¢/word plus $1.50 for box number.

Dear Sir: Your ad does not meet the acceptability standards of our classified department. I am returning your check. Yours truly, —WFB

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No Entangling Alliances, Please

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I'VE BEEN GETTING an epistolary pounding all summer for my June indiscretion in writing a column on the post-Mao turn in China's policy ("Breaching the Great Wall," June 23). Even my good friend and colleague, Bill Rusher, has scolded me in *NR*'s "The Open Question" (though I felt after reading him that "The Closed Question" might have been more apt).

The letters have been critical by a heavy majority. Most of them (and, of course, Bill Rusher's anathema) have been well informed and thoughtful. Nearly all of them, though, shared a misunderstanding.

Most of my critics assumed that I was proposing to "abandon" Taiwan and let Mainland China gobble her up. That is, my purpose in writing the column was assumed to be advocacy. This assumption is natural enough, since practically all Americans who write or talk about public affairs, issues, or problems, whether in the media, the classroom, or the local bar, do advocate this or that "solution." They have no hesitation in telling whatever audience they reach how best to deal with inflation, obscenity, strategic arms negotiations, crime, weakness of the dollar, race relations, Cuba, Taiwan, or pot. This ingrained habit probably accounts for the way our Presidents customarily tell other countries how they ought to behave.

On this matter I am something of a dissident. The primary goals at which I aim in this column, as in most of the books and articles I have written, are fact and analysis. I do not accept any theory of class, national, ethnic, partisan, or sectarian truth. If conclusions I reach are true, they are just as true for Russians as for Americans, for pagans as for Christians, and for blacks as for whites. When my purpose is to advocate some action or policy, I make the advocacy explicit—as in my current support of the movement against holding the Olympic Games in Moscow, or my feeble vote, a year ago, in favor of the Panama Canal treaties.

I realize that this disclaimer will not deter readers from the opinion that, by juggling adverbs and syntax, I am "really" advocating one or another course of action dictated by my Unconscious. By definition I don't know what my Unconscious is up to, so I won't argue that point.

A Time and a Place

After that preface, I hereby affirm and attest that in those June paragraphs I was not, and that I am not, advocating that the U.S. Government cast the Republic of China (Taiwan) to the Peking dragons. On the contrary: I believe that, as of now, it is to the U.S. national interest that Taiwan should continue to be an autonomous political entity, free of domination by the People's Republic of China (Peking), and that U.S. policy should sustain that autonomy and freedom.

The proviso, "as of now," applies in this case as in all cases of international relationship. Like the Founding Fathers, I believe that there is no gratitude among governments, that there can be no permanent friends or enemies in international relations, and that there should be no permanent alliances. Alliances conceived as permanent, as not subject to the ups and downs of earthly politics, are precisely what Washington meant by "entangling" alliances.

The post-Mao turn in Peking's policy is potentially the most important development in global politics for many years—more important, potentially and even probably, than the split with Moscow (which the new turn widens).

Every day brings new evidence of the new turn's depth and extension. Chinese engineers, managers, generals, technicians, scientists, and officials—right up to Chairman Hua—are showing up all over the place, and their counterparts arrive daily in China. In early August, officials from Peking appeared in Hong Kong to instruct Chinese banks there to drop their Marxist-Leninist taboos and get busy collaborating and competing with Western banks.

A week or so later an official article in *Kwangmin Jih Pao* (Peking) not only repeated the new themes of expanding trade with the world, technological progress, rapid economic development, etc. but—with undisguised criticism of doctrinaire Maoism—called for foreign loans (heretofore condemned), grants of concessions to foreign corporations to exploit Chinese resources, and joint ventures with foreign companies. Those familiar with Soviet history could recognize, as source for many of these directives, Lenin's New Economic Policy, which his successor, Stalin, brought to an end when he began to realize that its continuation would undermine the foundations of Communism.

Ways and Means

In mid-August, a Libyan delegation led by Colonel Jalloud, Libya's Number Two, arrived in China. For many years Libya has been a Soviet client state, and has had no relations of any kind with China. The delegation reached agreement with Peking on full diplomatic recognition. For the first time, Peking accepted an accord that did not include an explicit statement that the Peking government is the sole representative of the Chinese people.

This Libyan episode may be a happy omen. It suggests that Sino-American relations can be developed to mutual benefit without a Final Solution of the Taiwan question. A somewhat cloudy arrangement would under present circumstances best serve the U.S. national interest, no matter what formulas are used to make it palatable to both sides.

The national interest is the most reliable coach in the Game of Nations. It calls, now, for a both-Peking-and-Taipei play, not an either-or. As things are now moving in the Western Pacific, Taiwan's relative political, economic, and strategic importance is rapidly declining. Our military treaty is already obsolete: no one in his right mind can believe we will go to war with China over Taiwan. My guess is that "the Taiwan problem" is going to fade. We may wake up one day to see Taiwan become a new and greater Hong Kong. □

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The Multifarious Perplexities of

George Gilder

As a student of various perplexities, I have long been intrigued by what is going on in that multitudinous field of learning called the social sciences. Although, to the best of my uncertain knowledge, all of them put together have produced about 25 important books, most of them by Max Weber and Sigmund Freud, there are universities flourishing with nearly that many social science *departments*: social studies, social relations, social behavior, sociology, social and urban anthropology (as distinguished from the valuable discipline of real anthropology), an anthology of various psychologies, including social psychology, and even, in recent years, sociobiology. But my curiosity remained idle, until one day last year I picked up a copy of a fine new magazine, *Policy Review*, and discovered not only that I was a member of its editorial board (I was happy to serve) but also that I was "the author of two books of sociology."

I decided to investigate further, and I found that several writers I had much admired, such as Peter Berger, Daniel Bell, and Robert Nisbet, had also been accused of writing sociology, and spent most of their careers attacking nearly every other living "sociologist" in sight. And I began perusing the periodicals in the field.

I can report now that I have been pleasantly surprised, in view of the otherwise incredible tedium and irrelevance of most of these writings, to find them to be, from time to time, quite divertingly raunchy. Through them I discovered, to my considerable delight, that publicly supported colleges and universities in the United States today give courses in sexual behavior, featuring, as audio-visual aids, the regular display of movies with titles like *Ping-Pong Orgy*, *Western Lust*, and *Helpful Handyman*. These institutions also use federal funds to conduct and publish studies based on solar research at nude beaches, frequent visits to and interviews at houses of prostitution, and comparative surveys of pick-up techniques at singles bars and bus stations.

One of the most prestigiously raunchy of all social science journals, so I found, is called *Transaction/Society*, or just plain *Society*, and is published at Rutgers, New Jersey's state university. In it, last year, one could find in-depth studies on prostitutes in Nevada, on massage parlors across the country, on the inadequate credentials of all too many sex therapists, on pornography as an educational tool, on rape and marriage, and on all the favored forms of sexual deviation. One is subtly given to understand that prostitutes themselves practice a kind of folk sociology, seeing through the sham and hypocrisy of the housewife's similar role; that pornography is useful in overcoming sexism; and that sexuality can be deviant only in the sick mind of the beholder.

Because sociology affects to be value-free, no moral position is taken on most of these matters. But sex therapy or experimental research is fiercely condemned if practiced by a person without appropriate medical or sociological credentials, or if the selection of subjects shows a de facto

Mr. Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide *and, most recently,* Visible Man *(Basic Books), another book of "sociology." He is currently working on a book of economics.*

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pattern of bias in favor of white heterosexuals. And in one recent article, the magazine also came out strongly against rape, because it is a crime which illegitimately discriminates between men and women. The article warned, however, that harsh enforcement of the rape laws is not the answer, because it would culpably discriminate against the perpetrators of the crime (who are no more guilty than other men), and in the process do blacks "an enormous injustice." In general, though, *Transaction/Society* does not explicitly violate its stance of benign objectivity toward the sexual phenomena it discusses, unless it is faced with some obvious and extreme evil, such as the nuclear family, which was revealed to be the source and locus of most violence in America.

Transaction/Society does not confine its light to the ephemeral pages of its magazine. It also has published many books. In the summer issue of *Society* were advertised

Behind the façade of value-free and objective social research churns a thriving industry of pseudo-scholarship almost entirely anti-family, anti-church, and anti-capitalist

eight expensive volumes. The first one was entitled *The Madam as Entrepreneur: Political Economy of a House of Prostitution.* This book, it says, "utilizes an interactionist perspective with data gathered via intensive personal interviews over a period of four years." The second book is entitled simply *Deviant Life-Styles*; as the advertisement hurriedly reassures us, it offers "no positive or negative judgments on the definition of deviance." I was relieved to learn thereby that the voyeurism would be uncontaminated by reflective thought. There would be no boring theories or opinions, of the sort that prevails in the final six of the advertised volumes as well as in many of the articles, and ruins so much otherwise hard-core sociology with nearly impenetrable thickets of redeeming social value.

Last summer's issue of *Society*, for example, contained an article on "Alternative Life-Styles" (sexual deviance to you) by a Dr. James W. Raney, whose prose virtually groans under its burdens of professional certification and prestige. Dr. Raney serves not only as "senior research associate at the Center for Policy Research," but also as "founder and director of the Center for the Study of Innovative Life-Styles, and consultant to the University of Southern California Medical School and to Bowman Gray School of Medicine," among other listed institutions. In other words, he must be quite at home in the offices of HEW and the health-oriented foundations.

His article announces a "new age," the one in which we currently live. It is characterized, so he says, by the end of the family "as the basic unit of society" and by rampant and unprecedented sieges of what he calls "sexually open relating." Born yesterday like most in his trade, he thus finds novelty and revolution in the most venerable vices, even in the world's oldest profession. But before the article is over, he permits a drear paragraph of responsible deflation. He admits he doesn't know whether this revolutionary new age is waxing or waning. "Only time and national probability sample research will tell us how many people are involved . . . ," he writes. But we are not to give up hope, for "such research has been proposed and is now under consideration for federal funding." Of course.

It should not be supposed that for all its remorseless secularity—its treatment of religion chiefly as a mental illness or social disease—*Society* is entirely devoid of the voice of the Church. The Reverend Andrew Greeley, a genuinely distinguished thinker, who last year even stumbled into the pages of *Cosmopolitan* with tidings of good cheer for That sexually aggressive Girl, can also occasionally be found in *Society*, where his prose rings strangely clear and crisp amid all the bafflegab. But a more typical Catholic contributor is Robert Francoeur, a scientist/theologian who has long pursued a dream of human reproduction by test tube as his own particular holy grail of liberation.

To Francoeur and his kind there seems nothing in the world quite so consummately divine as an American professor of sociology experiencing human growth and fulfillment and open sexual relating with a pretty co-ed on the pill, after several hours spent banishing all sex-role inhibitions by watching pornographic films. In the current issue of *Society*, Francoeur writes: "Hopefully ten, twenty, or perhaps more years from now Americans will be comfortable enough with our sexuality that we will not need to use explicit sexual behavior films" in the classroom. But until then, he makes clear in his article, students in his course at Fairleigh Dickinson University will be required to attend a weekend workshop that he terms a "sexarama."

IT BEGINS WITH soft-core openers—"a little light-hearted campy film on nudity," as he puts it—and then, presumably for the delectation of any fruit-lovers, or fruit, in the audience, continues with a short, depicting "a sensuous orange being peeled and eaten." Then our liberated theologian gets down to business: nine full hours of movies on "the varieties of sex, with male and female masturbation, male and female homosexuality, and a couple of paraphilias films—sado-masochism, beastiality [sic], and the like." After that comes "a brief discussion with the whole group of what is normal"; and—because Mr. Francoeur, remember, is a theologian—there follows, in a gruesome touch, "a comment by a priest." "We close," writes Francoeur, "with a film of a 65-year-old man and a 58-year-old woman, with student reactions ranging over shock that their grandparents or parents might still copulate, really enjoy it, and be more innovative than the young experts are."

So much for "modern" theology, and so much for the state of higher education in Madison, New Jersey. But I should not imply that all the studies published in *Society* are so contemptible—though there seems to be something about the great leveler, sex, that transforms the most

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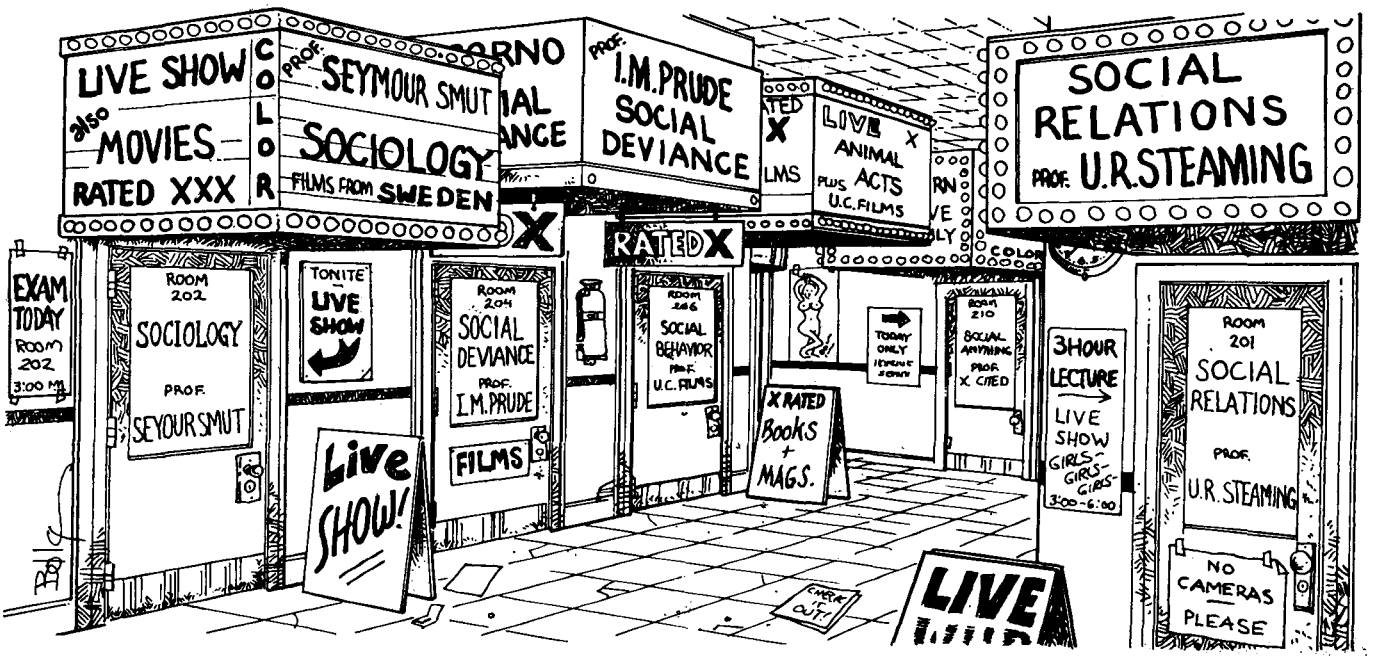
somberly learned social scientists, editing the most high-falutin magazines, into prophets of a fatuous sociology of wet dreams. Nor should I imply that all the articles are so much fun to read. Social scientists, with few exceptions, write boringly as if their lives depended upon it, as their grants and salaries surely do. They must, after all, conceal all the unreported prurient interest that they earn on their government money.

What is interesting about these kinds of books and articles is the strange spectacle they afford, of high-ranking professors at prestigious state universities palling around with pimps and prostitutes, poring over pornography, sampling sessions of sexual therapy, investigating behavior at homosexual bars, attending orgies at Esalen—all, ultimately, at the expense of the American taxpayer, who supports what are humorously termed our institutions of higher learning.

As far as I know, moreover, all these expressions of the hunger for knowledge and enlightenment on our federally subsidized campuses pass without any protest by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—provided, of course, that the student audiences are chosen with due regard for the inclusion of appropriate numbers of blacks, women, native Americans, and persons with Hispanic surnames; that the classrooms in which the pornography is exhibited are equipped with wheelchair runways; that versions dubbed in Spanish are made available for students from Puerto Rico; that no discrimination is shown against persons with a history of alcoholism or drug addiction; that the faculty involved reasonably reflects the demography of the relevant human resource base; that all textbooks and other publications used in this research are entirely free of language that tends to reinforce invidious sex-role or racial stereotypes; and, finally, provided that students required to attend these films and other educational exhibits are not made to pledge allegiance to the American flag, attest to their faith in God, or say any prayers. As I understand it, HEW follows this policy of laissez-faire toward publicly subsidized social research and teaching because of its Secretary's profound commitment to the principle of academic freedom.

Now as it happens, I believe that what goes on in private colleges and universities, even if they receive some federal money, should be none of the government's damn business. I also suspect that watching *Western Lust*, though spiritually corrupting and obnoxious, is less damaging to the impressionable young mind than reading Susan Brownmiller, Germaine Greer, Ralph Nader, or Joe Califano, for that matter. I am not sure of this, because I think pornography is sufficiently powerful to be traumatic for many people, particularly youths with an insecure sense of sexual identity. I think pornography is capable of arousing homosexual tendencies, otherwise happily latent. I think it can undermine monogamous commitments, by breaking down the intense association of love with the body and spirit of a single beloved and by advertising the alleged joys of philandering. But I do not think the government should be allowed to stop these fatuities. The way to stop them is to deride and pillory college presidents and boards of trustees who condone this kind of trash on campus. If the government is given the power, it will tend to use it first, on one pretext or another, against colleges like Hillsdale rather than Rutgers.

ANYWAY, THE PROBLEM goes far beyond the display of pornography in college sociology classes. Most of what is taught in the average university under the guise of social science is intellectually worthless, ranging from the preposterous to the pernicious. Behind the façade of value-free and objective social research churns a thriving industry of pseudo-scholarship almost entirely anti-family, anti-church, and anti-capitalist. This federally financed traffic in corrupt and foolish ideas is in fact more dangerous than the occasional display of revolting movies. It is also to be attacked and derided (though not suppressed by the gov-



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ernment). The fact is that, in general, social science combines scandalously bad science and fatuous philosophy.

The reasons are several. One of them is, quite simply, politics. I know of an eminent sociologist, for example, who has written brilliant critiques of the affirmative action program as applied to blacks. This is a brave act, since it flies in the face of the general tendency in the profession to ascribe all the problems of racial inequality to the nearly mystical machinations of what is spuriously termed "the white power structure"—or even more obscurely, "white society."

But this brave man, willing to flout one orthodoxy of "discrimination," shrinks from defying the far more questionable claims of the women's movement. Although the women's movement has single-handedly made affirmative action utterly ridiculous and impracticable by extending it to nearly two-thirds of the American people, this sociologist wrote an entire book on the program without so much as mentioning that it applies to women too. In private, he is eloquent on the subject. In public, he is mute, intimidated by feminism. This man, it should be understood, is one of the three or four boldest and best thinkers in the entire field. That he could be so corrupted reveals the role of the women's movement in debauching the discipline of social science.

Politics also enters in the direct form of federal funding. Government-funded research is almost always designed to vindicate the government and develop rationales for its expansion. The American commission on International Women's Year spent millions of dollars on studies to dramatize and document the presumed oppression of women. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent annually by the various agencies assigned to combat discrimination. Substantial sums of this money go to social scientists. None of it goes to social scientists who oppose the idea that discrimination is the crucial problem of women and blacks.

Examples could be multiplied. The essential point is that much of the funding for social science comes from various branches of government. An anti-government sociologist will have slim pickings.

POLITICS, HOWEVER, is probably not the major cause of the corruption of the trade. The major cause is most likely the practice of restricting sociology to broad environmental sources of social phenomena. Human psychology, anthropology, biology, history, religion, and economics are all essentially beyond the sociologist's ken. His entire discipline is based principally on the notion that there exists a large residuum of human social behavior shaped and directed not by these forces, but by "society" itself, the social environment.

The more ambitious or careless social scientists will maintain that this sociological residuum is decisive in human behavior, that it is subject to political control, and that under ideal conditions the social environment can be re-formed in a way which transfigures human reality in the image of an implicit radical vision. Compared to this postulated utopia of free, equal, and happy individuals—rational humanoids—all existing social arrangements seem sorely defective and in need of drastic change, perhaps at first under the auspices of government social agencies like HEW, but inevitably, later, under an authoritarian state.

The disabling flaw of modern social science is its blindness to the depth of human resistance to its vision of a better world. Universal in all human society, so the anthropologists inform us, are sex roles, religions, and gambling. One still can find, of course, here and there in the ethnologies, a few tribes so primitive that they refuse to acknowledge or comprehend these human propensities. There are groups that try to suppress gambling as needlessly frivolous or unfair; people with a religious impulse so stunted that they worship only the palpable shapes and materials within their own reach and view; tribes like Malinowski's famous Trobriand Islanders, who do not even understand the nature of sexual intercourse and its role in procreation; groups like the Malabar Nayars, who practice infanticide of females and then wonder why there are so few women; groups that try female dominance and then wonder why the men spend all their time hunting.

Today such repressive and perverse societies are extraordinarily rare. In fact, I know of only one fully documented case in the modern world of a tribe so abjectly retarded, or so mystically impervious to its own nature, that it simultaneously rejects and tries to abolish all three of these characteristic human activities—sex roles, religions, and gambling. That group, not even strictly speaking a tribe, is, of course, the community of social science scholars in America.

The most crucial characteristic of modern social science methods, in fact, is an inability to register the differences between the sexes, or the existence of God

In their venerable groves, gambling arouses particular indignation because it is a rudimentary form of capitalism and tends to lead to unequal patterns of wealth. The only inequalities generally regarded as justifiable in the social science fraternity are those founded on certain favored forms of merit, as measured by PhD theses and other publications implicitly or explicitly attacking capitalism, in the name of a mystical process never clearly defined but believed by some to be associated with professional tenure. This mystical process is often called "Social Change." Social Change, I gather from long observation, is what is left over for the poor after the social scientists are through feasting on government dollars.

Among the more advanced social scientists, however, there are two phenomena even more detested than capitalism. One is sex, to the extent it depends on fundamental differences between the sexes; the other is religion, partic-

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ularly if it implies a belief in a realm beyond the reach of social scientists, even those who use up-to-date techniques of national probability sample research. The most crucial characteristic of modern social science methods, in fact, is an inability to register the differences between the sexes, or the existence of God.

Social scientists do, however, have a form of religion of their own. In general, when liberal sociologists bother to identify themselves in terms that go beyond their belief in dollars and Social Change, they call themselves "humanists." Humanists can best be identified by their rejection of some of the most universal and ineradicable characteristics of human beings: the inequalities among them; their piety; their acquisitiveness and competitiveness; their irrational bent for speculation, gambling, and play; their persistent and universal sexual differences, both psychological and biological. The humanist vision is of a cooperative, communal, egalitarian, secular, non-sexist, non-hierarchical, and rational society. This in fact, as C. S. Lewis contended in a famous essay, entails nothing less than the abolition of human nature.

EVEN THE short-term agenda of humanist sociology is deeply destructive of the best in human character. Egalitarianism is an evil that stifles excellence and diversity. Secular rationalism is inimical to the worship of God, the foundation of beauty and morality. The erosion of sex roles subverts marriage, family, and love, which are founded on the differences between the sexes. The full divorce of sex from procreation leaves sex as a short-term activity which cannot sustain marriage or embody transcendence. Gay liberation ignores the fact that homosexuality is a form of sexual suicide that rarely occurs in fully monogamous societies. An option for all men and a necessity for none, it derides and parodies the manly qualities on which every society ultimately depends for survival.

Comprehensive planning for a "rational economy" creates a bleak and sterile society. Suppression of human acquisitiveness and competition destroys the principal sources of economic progress. The denial of playfulness and speculation, gambling and games, stifles art, invention —all creative growth. The abolition of human bias and favoritism undermines loyalty, friendship, and love, and vitiates culture and community. The obsessive drive on the part of a safety-first society to obliterate risk and assure a seamless security—such paths of "health" are themselves a sickness unto death.

Because the hidden agenda of liberal sociology conflicts chiefly not with the worst but with the best of human possibilities, it is not idealistic but monstrous. The different roles of men and women, the love that arises from them, the allegiance to one's own family, the worship of God, the possession and improvement of property, the production of wealth, the cultivation of excellence and beauty, the competitive masculine rituals of sport and play, the emergence of loyalty to kin and community, church and country, all are among the highest values of human life. Because they spring from human reality, they can be fulfilled in ordered freedom in a democratic society. Achieving complete equality, economic planning, bureaucratic rationality, and sexual liberation—the retrenchment of religion and suppression of sex roles—requires a totalitarian state.

Most sociologists ignore such truths. They gather on verdant mountaintops of federal money, peering through the foliage of their multitudinous grants and consultancies, attempting by dint of desperate effort to compile as much data and produce as much verbiage as possible, all without stumbling on any of the facts of life, without seeing any of those fundamental realities, those redemptive truths of human society, that HEW finds so unacceptably sexist and racist and religious, so unforgivably unbureaucratic, irrational, and generally unhumanistically human. To avoid these realities while writing about sex and society is very difficult. It seems to take a social science doctorate to do it. □

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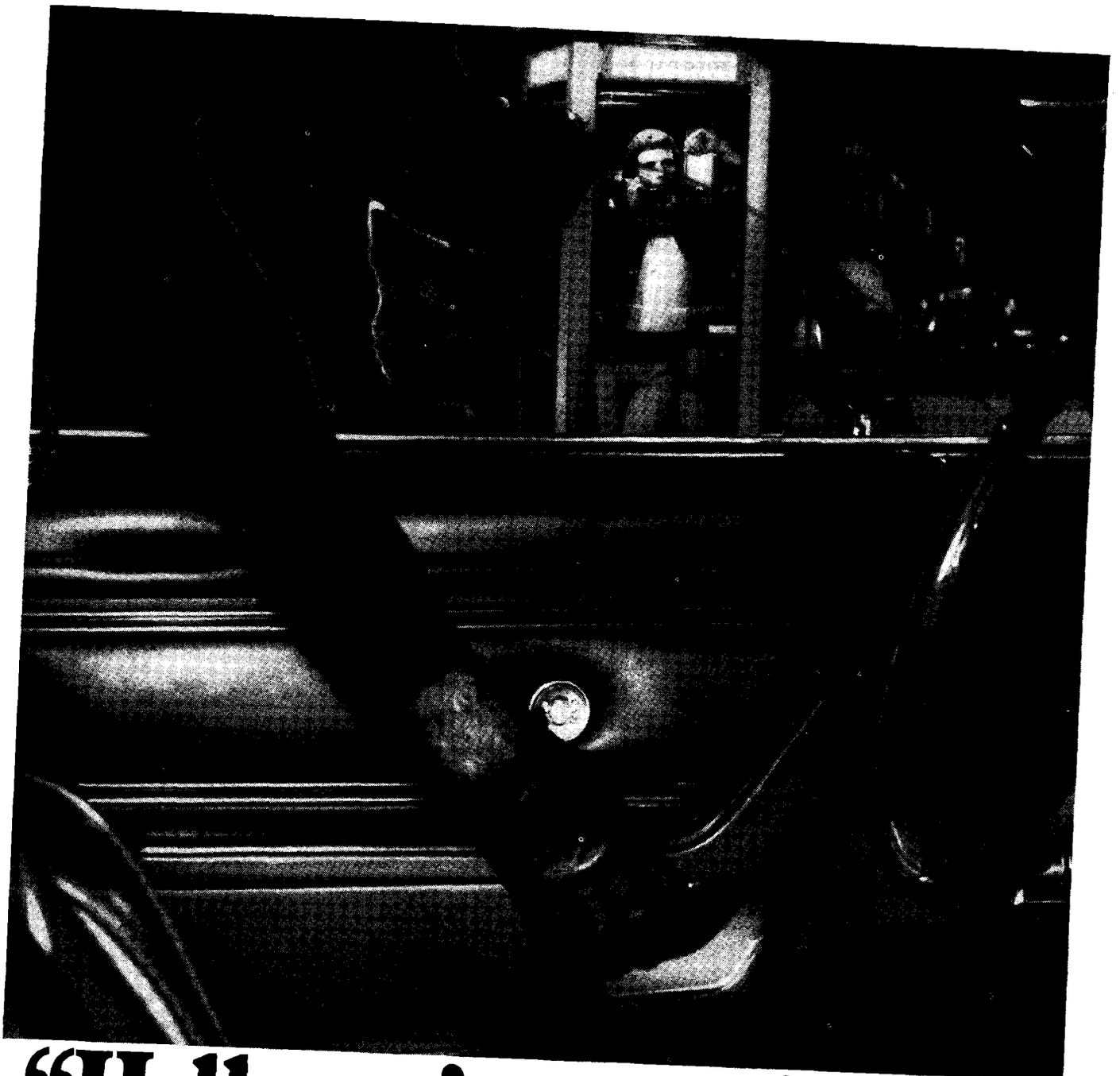

"Hello, we've got the car you ordered, Sir."

Once every 32 seconds a car is stolen.[1]

Auto theft is no longer a "cottage industry." It's a 1.6 billion dollar a year business.[2]

In 1977, 948,024 cars were stolen. If that seems a meaningless statistic to you, what ought to make it meaningful is the fact that you pay for auto thefts through your insurance — whether your car is stolen or not.

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Of course, not all cars are stolen for profit. At least one-third are stolen for "fun." And, while cars stolen for "joyrides" are often recovered, they're rarely recovered in one piece.

Can anything be done to stop auto theft? A number of things:

Lock your car. Some 40% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys owners left in them.[3] In Boston, where 1 in every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign, run by the National Auto Theft Bureau and supported by many institutions including Ætna helped *cut theft 48% in a two-year period.*

Install anti-theft devices such as locking systems, out-off switches and security alarms. While less effective against the professional thief, they are a known deterrent to the amateur.

New laws can help. Ætna supports, for example, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommendations to make anti-theft devices standard equipment.[4]

We also back the recommendations of a New York legislative committee for identification numbers on car parts most often stripped, licensing of businesses that sell or scrap cars and accurate records kept of all transactions. We urge other states to consider these ideas.

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

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[1] While private passenger car registration increased 180% between 1949 and 1974, *thefts increased a whopping 493%.*

[2] There may be worse to come: Auto theft rings have expanded their operations to offer auto parts—some 20% of cars they steal now wind up in the "cutting factory."

[3] According to a 1978 report from the New York State Senate Committee on Transportation. 20% of stolen cars have the keys left in the ignition while another 20% have keys "hidden" by the owner on the visor or other places.

[4] Until anti-theft devices become standard equipment, we urge you to have them installed before other optional equipment that makes cars more attractive to the thief.

For a better understanding of the problem of auto insurance costs and what you can do about them, write Influence, Department N, Ætna Life & Casualty, 151 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, CT 06156.

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LIFE & CASUALTY

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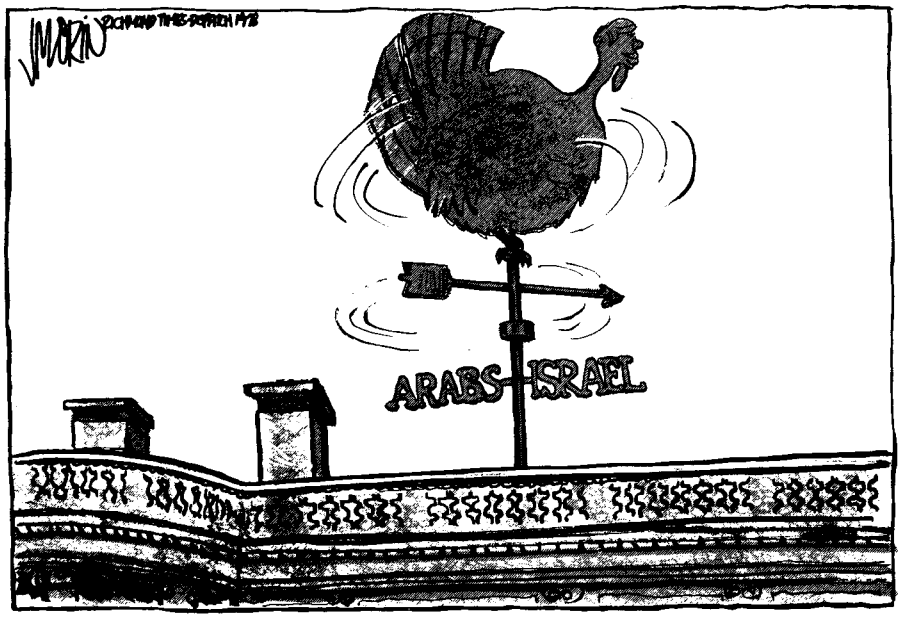
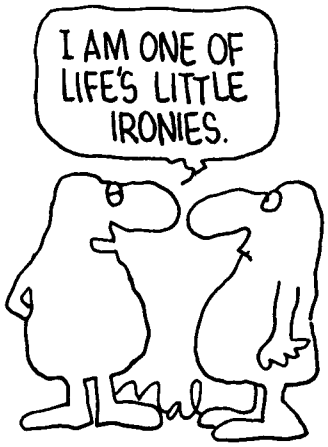
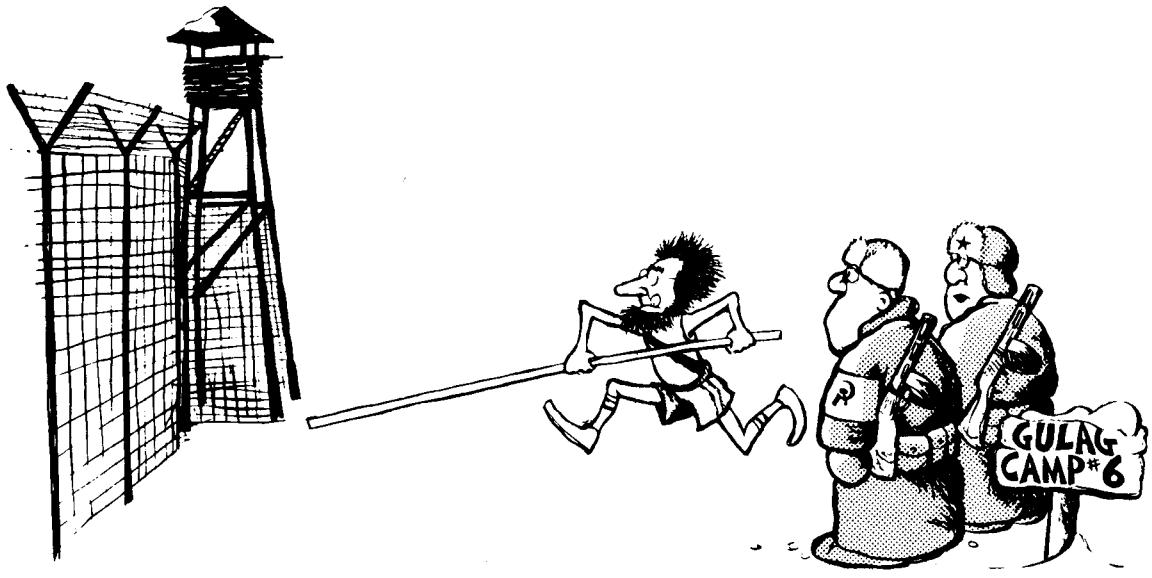
help !!!!





"ALL I KNOW IS HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE 1980 MOSCOW OLYMPICS."



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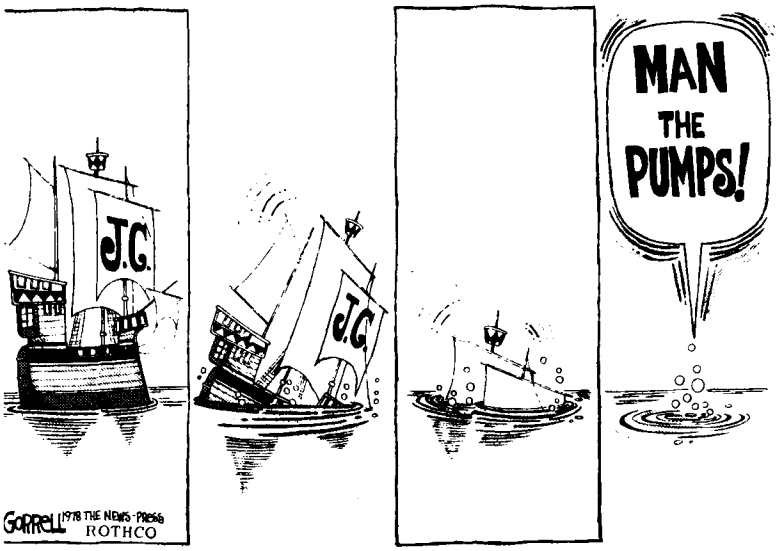
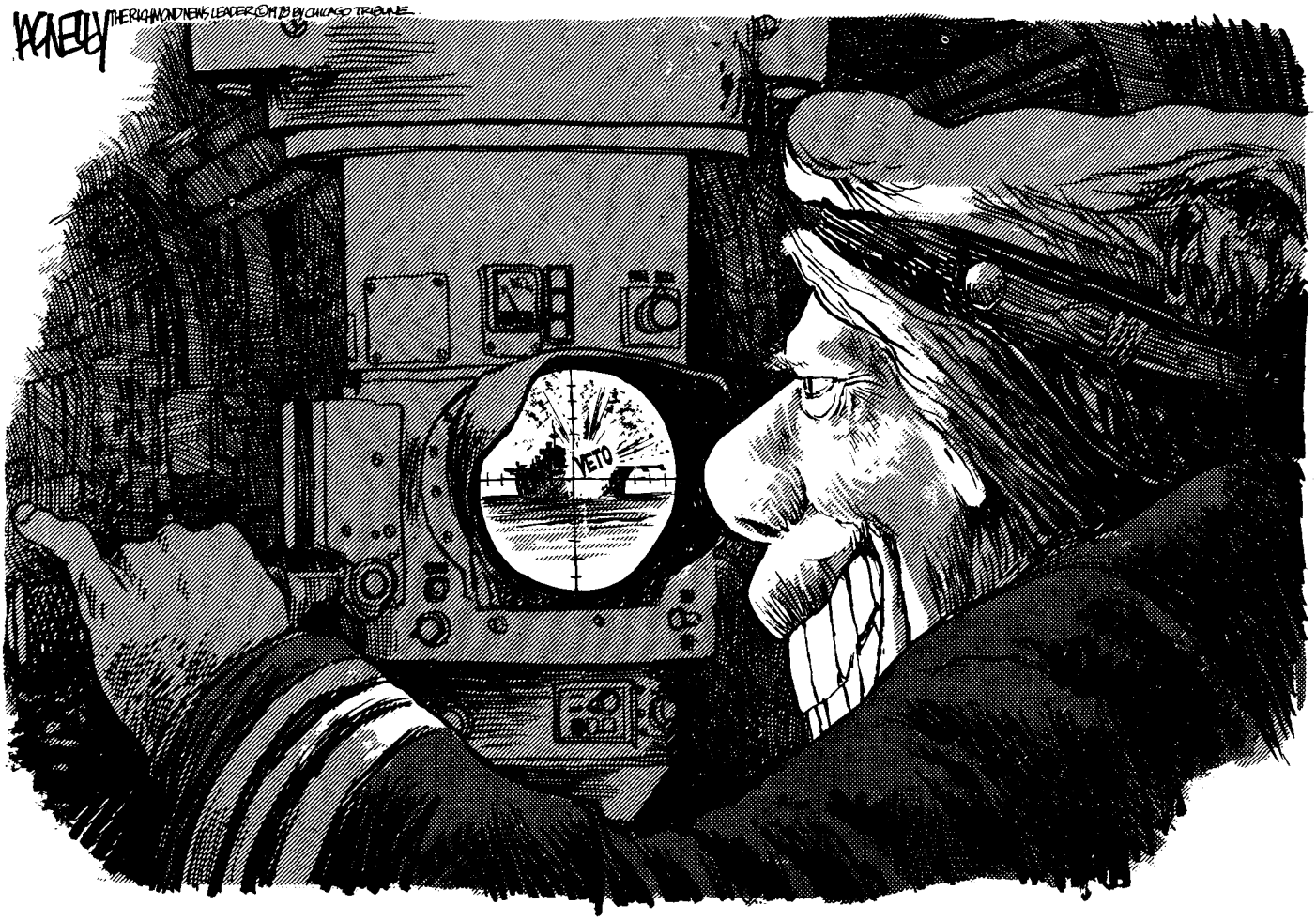


You Don't Have to Be Jewish To Dislike Jimmy

Lawyers in droves hate him; docs are morose.
Thirst-maddened Westerners say, "Adios."
Stockholders belt him on capital gains;
Southerners sulk at his liberal strains.
Still on his side—in diminishing claques—
Are some Chicanos, Hispanics, and blacks.

W. H. VON DREELE



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THE PRIMARIES

Massachusetts Is the Most . . .

RICHARD BROOKHISER

DATUM. IN 1972, George McGovern, the most liberal man to run seriously for President since Henry Wallace, swept Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. A young lady of my acquaintance, unhappy with the result, threatened to "leave the country and move to Massachusetts."

Conclusion. Massachusetts is the most liberal state in the Union.

Datum. In 1976, Massachusetts voters were presented with half a dozen referenda proposing favorite liberal schemes. An Equal Rights Amendment to the state constitution passed. Five others—a ban on off-shore oil drilling; a ban on private ownership of hand guns; a graduated state income tax; flat rates for utilities (no discounts for heavy users); and state takeover of power companies—were crushed.

Conclusion. Massachusetts is the most . . .

Clearly we are in the presence of a paradox. The voters of Massachusetts condemn liberal policies as fervently as they back liberal policy-makers; the right hand does not know what the leftist is doing. The only trouble with paradoxes—from the point of view of those who benefit by them—is that they are potentially unstable; and Massachusetts' conservatives will be testing that instability in four primaries this month.

It isn't as if they haven't tried before. Gordon Nelson, chairman of the Republican State Committee, recited to me the history of early conservative efforts to take over the Massachusetts GOP; and it was unrelievedly doleful. Conservative strength in state nominating conventions and primaries, from 1964 to 1974, ranged from 11 per cent to a robust 44; and the GOP fielded an unbroken string of liberals, mostly WASPs.

Conservatives first began breaking out of the wilderness in 1975, with the founding of Citizens for Limited Taxation. CLT's example was Ronald Reagan's Proposition #1 of 1973. CLT's first attempt to place a similar measure on the Massachusetts ballot failed, and the organization found itself on the defensive, fighting the graduated income tax amendment. When that threat was obliterated, CLT tried again. This time, they collected 87,000 signatures (they needed 60,000). The amendment then required a 25 per cent vote in two consecutive joint sessions of the state legislature. CLT won the first vote this July; if they succeed again next year, a constitutional amendment to hold state spending to a fixed percentage of gross per capita income will be on Massachusetts ballots in 1980.

CLT runs its operation out of two bathroom-sized offices in the center of Boston; bumper-stickers ("IRS—It Really Steals") decorate the inner door. Executive Director Don Feder attributes CLT's success to the success and failure of liberalism. After years of liberal stewardship, Massachusetts is the "closest economically to Great Britain" of any state in the nation. Passionately, Feder ticks off the statistics. Real estate taxes are the country's second highest. The combined state and local tax burden is the country's third highest. Net per capita income is the third lowest, ahead only of Mississippi and Vermont. Massachusetts attracts fewer new plants and factories per year than any state; and since 1966, it has lost 130,000 jobs.

IF TAX LIMITATION succeeds, the next step is tax cutting. Feder calls Proposition 13 "radical," but admires its spirit. "It is the sort of thing that would never have been drafted by someone in government, even a conservative; it took a 75-year-old screwball Republican businessman." CLT filed its own property tax petition in August.

CLT's rise in the world has been matched by the success of its founder, Edward F. King. King, a 38-year-old information systems consultant, first ventured into politics to fight the 1972 version of the graduated state income tax ("There was a gap there; somebody had to come forward"). Three years later, he started CLT. Coming forward a third time, King is now running for governor.

The current occupant of that office is Michael Dukakis, of whom it has been said that it is a good thing that three thousand miles of America lie between him and Jerry Brown, and that Brown is tall, else the two would be indistinguishable. Brown and Dukakis, it will be remembered, were both elected in 1974, when they were touted as fresh, post-Watergate faces, liberals who had gone beyond the old tax-and-spend clichés. "Dukakis has changed things," King agrees. "He has taken a $2.3-billion budget, made it $5 billion, and called it belt-tightening."

I talked to King in Logan Airport, as he was waiting to fly to Representative Philip Crane's Tax Limitation Conference in St. Louis. King, too, cites the 1976 referenda as signs of the people's latent conservatism. If conservatives have failed to translate that sentiment into electoral victories, that is due to a combination of inertia—"ideas precede candidacies by ten or 15 years"—and bad style—"conservative candidates tend to be as conservative as their politics."

King's only previous experience in establishment politics consists of two stints on the Republican State Committee. But he denies that this is a drawback. The more experienced candidates are "part of the problem"; Massachusetts would indeed vote for "someone from the private sector, to straighten out the mess the politicians have made." King intends to draw on the grass roots; he sat on the founding board of the first accredited alternative (i.e., non-bused) school in Boston; and he has been endorsed by opponents of gun control and abortion. This strategy has already carried him halfway to the Republican nomination. Francis Hatch, King's liberal opponent in the primary, is a tireless party loyalist, a 16-year veteran of the Massachusetts legislature, and custodian, by marriage, of a fortune which allowed him to outspend King in the early stages of the campaign by a cozy 3 to 1. But King won the non-binding nominating convention

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in May—a first for conservative Republicans.

If King goes on to win the primary, there is chance that he will be facing another King in the election. Edward J. King, older and equally conservative, is challenging Dukakis for the Democratic nod. Republicans do not expect the second King to win, but they appreciate the drain on the incumbent, as well as the free advertising the pun will generate. If Edward J. takes as much as 35 per cent of the vote, Edward F. will be well off indeed.

THE SENATORIAL race is linguistically less interesting; but the choices for Massachusetts conservatives are a lot tougher. The seat's current occupant, Edward Brooke, is black, beloved of big business, and impeccably liberal—a set of credentials which, on the face of it, could be improved only by changing Brooke's name to Kennedy; and two years ago, any right-wing attempt to unseat him would have been dismissed as mad. But two serious contenders, one in each party, are attempting just that.

Brooke's Republican challenger, Avi Nelson, came to political prominence in the second great crucible of conservative sentiment in Massachusetts, the Boston busing controversy. For five years, Nelson has hosted one of Boston's most popular radio talk shows; and from this forum, Nelson argued that busing would improve neither race relations nor the quality of black education (events have borne Nelson out: since Judge Garrity took over the Boston school system, 30 per cent of its white students have gone elsewhere; while James Coleman, whose 1966 report started the buses rolling, has decided that education has not benefited). Along the way, Nelson joined a four-man scramble for the Republican congressional nomination in the Fourth District. Some polls gave him as little as 3 per cent; he finished six hundred votes behind the winner.

Nelson entered this primary on March 27. He was in Washington when I visited his headquarters, discussing tax cuts with Jack Kemp; and so I spoke to his flacks. Nelson's press secretary describes his boss as "a self-contained individual" whose decision to run was dictated, not by the table-rappings of pollsters, but by his own "ideals." Yet polls have been (furtively?) consulted, and they are not discouraging. Brooke was found to disagree with a majority of his party on a broad range of issues—taxes, quotas, capital punishment—and Nelson hit them all. He has also made a determined effort to woo conservative Democrats. Massachusetts voters could switch parties until August 22, and Nelson claims to have lured 12,000 of them.

His campaign has been complicated by two factors. The first is Brooke's legal troubles. Integrity has always been the Senator's strong suit; but this August Brooke narrowly escaped a perjury indictment, arising from a long and messy divorce. On the other hand, Brooke seems to have passed his nadir, and his problems have put the fear of the Lord into his supporters. On July 25, the liberal *Boston Globe*, which had dug up most of the dirt on Brooke, gave front-page coverage to a minor Post Office official charging Nelson's 1972 congressional campaign with "outright fraud." Boston Postmaster Philip Sullivan denied the charge next day in the *Herald*; one *Globe* newsman warned a Nelson supporter to "to get used to it; there'll be a lot more of this sort of thing."

THE SECOND factor affecting Nelson will be the strength of his Democratic counterpart, Howard Phillips. Phillips has unusual credentials for a Democrat: from January to June 1973, he served as Richard Nixon's Acting Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, during which time he became, in the words of the *New York Times*, "one of the most hated men in Washington." Washington's hatred was well-earned, since Phillips attempted nothing less than the dissolution of his agency. When Nixon, increasingly preoccupied with Watergate, failed to support him, Phillips resigned.

Phillips' larger strategy is elegant. "The primary political objective for conservatives," he has explained, "must be control of the Congress." The Republican Party alone will not be able to accomplish this; conservatives must therefore be prepared to appeal to like-minded Democrats. Phillips' appeal in Massachusetts is made easier by the fact that he faces four opponents, all liberals—some of whom, distressed by their ideological homogeneity, have attempted to distinguish themselves. Representative Paul Tsongas, with an ADA rating of 100, recently came out in favor of the Seabrook nuclear plant.

Phillips' greatest problems so far have been lack of recognition and of money. To remedy the former, he has puffed his Washington experience—"I know where the bureaucratic bodies are buried"—and invited Anita Bryant to speak for him. To solve the latter, he has rented the mailing lists of right-wing fund-raiser and impresario Richard Viguerie. This creates a curious situation, since one of Viguerie's direct clients this season is Avi Nelson.

Mr. Viguerie's professional commitments symbolize the renaissance of the Massachusetts Right. What would have been written off six years ago as a conservative desert has become overgrown. That elusive citizen, the member of the Silent Majority, will experience a concerted effort to flush him into the open.

The Massachusetts elections will offer a music-hall revue of strategies and tactics. Campaigns will range from home-grown to slick; the roster of candidates includes the ideological lobbyist and the small-businessman Cincinnatus. Conservatives will also have a chance to test the electoral potency of the tax revolt. Conservatives have ignored economics before—most notably in 1970—and gotten murdered for it; but each candidate in Massachusetts has made tax cuts and inflation an important part of his pitch.

All efforts to woo the Silent Majority rest on the assumption that it does, in fact, exist. King's explanation for its voting record—"ideas precede candidacies by ten or 15 years"—is the simplest. To this source of inertia, conservatives believe, must be added others, peculiar to Massachusetts—a still-strong sense of party loyalty; an unusual susceptibility to ethnic and personal ties.

Datum. After a long day of interviewing, my host and I went out to pick up some wine for dinner. The neighborhood still has a German school in an old green house; lines of long-abandoned mills stand 15 minutes away. The store-owner greets us; he gives to CLT. On his counter is a pile of leaflets, backing the congressional campaign of one of Michael Harrington's (ADA 100) aides. □

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LETTER FROM ROME

Italy's Marxist President

MARY MARTÍNEZ

LAST MONTH, Italy's new president, Sandro Pertini, stepped briskly into a seven-year term of office. Pertini is 82—two years older than Pope Paul was when he died.

Not that being president of Italy is a very strenuous occupation. In 1946, intending to contain any future resurgence of charismatic leadership, the creators of the republic reverted to the nineteenth century formula of what has been called "partitocracy," a creaky system which Charles de Gaulle had the good sense to replace in France with a presidential republic. The election of Italy's presidents, more symbols of state than chief executives, is a party affair carried out on the floor of the parliament.

Nonetheless, the Italian Left is jubilant. The new president is not just a Marxist—he is one of the most dedicated Marxists in the West. The son of a middle-class northern family, Sandro Pertini had a law degree and World War I experience behind him when he joined the Socialist Party in 1918. For the ensuing sixty years he immersed himself in politics, plotting a wonderfully consistent course, guided by two principles: Italian Socialists must keep their identity separate from that of the Communists; but under no circumstances may they put themselves in opposition to the Communists. This formula, wherein the small Socialist Party (PSI) and the massive Communist Party (PCI) work in close harmony, has given Marxists invaluable flexibility and contributed more than any other single factor to the flowering of the Left in Italy. In 1963, when the Socialists accepted Prime Minister Aldo Moro's invitation to join in the Christian Democratic (DC) majority government, the tacit PSI-PCI alliance was the real "historic compromise"—a term which the Communists began to use only years later.

Agostino Greggi, former Christian Democratic Deputy and, like Moro, a one-time Catholic Action leader, recalls the consequences of his party's opening to the Left in 1963. "Day after day a whole series of Marxist-inspired permissive laws have been formulated, proposed, and pressured through parliament by the Socialists so that things never known before in Italy have become commonplace—chaos in the schools and factories, violence in the streets, drugs, pornography. This process of de-Christianization has broken down the defenses of a whole generation, and it is the natural result of the baneful DC-PSI coalition." According to Greggi, only one Italian bishop spoke out against the coalition in 1963—Cardinal Siri of Genoa. He called on Aldo Moro to "reflect in the name of God on the consequences of what you mean to undertake and on your responsibility for those consequences."

PSI politicians, faithful to the Pertini formula, have generally taken a more radical stand than the Communists—thus allowing the PCI to build an image of respectability. Socialist financing of Red extremist organizations, such as *Lotta Continua* and *Potere Operaio*, is common knowledge. A 1975 intelligence report by the Italian army was explicit about links the Socialist International has forged among Spain's ETA, Germany's Baader-Meinhofers, and the Italian Red Brigades.

In an autobiography published a few years ago, Sandro Pertini tells of his first arrest for distributing Marxist pamphlets in the mid-1920s, two more arrests in France, where he tried to install clandestine radio transmitters, and a return to Italy with forged papers. Again arrested, he was given an 11-year sentence, later commuted to exile on an island off Naples, where Allied troops found him in 1943. Slipping into still-Fascist Rome, he met with Pietro Nenni, who had taken refuge in the Vatican, and together they reconstructed the Italian Socialist Party. He was put back in jail when the Germans occupied Rome, but he soon escaped and fled to the north. Working with the Communist leader Luigi Longo, Pertini directed the last partisan struggles in April 1945. Mussolini's murder was one of 1,700 summary executions carried out in the space of ten days. Allied pleas for moderation, to which some partisan chiefs responded, were rejected out of hand by Pertini and Longo.

In later years, Sandro Pertini has been intransigent on the question of party unity. As the first PSI general secretary after the war, he fought schism, but unsuccessfully. In 1948, Giuseppe Saragat, encouraged by Washington, organized the new Social Democratic Party, which did not withdraw from the Socialist International but did distance itself from Communism. Successive party congresses found Pertini denouncing every tendency toward anti-Communism, even when, as in Venice in 1956, the advocate was his old comrade, Pietro Nenni.

SPECULATION is rife as to how 832 senators and deputies arrived at the choice of a hardline Marxist for president of the republic. Christian Democratic politicians, most of whom wound up voting for Pertini, play down the *raison d'être* of his political life, commenting favorably instead on his years as President of the Chamber, an office symbolic of national unity.

If the role of president of Italy entailed more responsibilities than it does, his election could be called, not an historic compromise, but an historic takeover. Italians, however, are proving as indifferent to his election as they were indifferent to the sudden and unexplained resignation of President Leone. As for reaction from abroad, beyond the congratulations demanded by protocol, there was a prim admonition from Moscow. A Russian observer expressed the hope that, unlike James Earl Carter, who has insisted, even after assuming the Presidency, that he be called "Jimmy," President Pertini would insist on the use of his full name, Alessandro. □

Mrs. Martínez, a free-lance writer, lives in Rome and frequently reports on Italy for NR.

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SOLZHENITSYN AT HARVARD

Diverse though they are, Solzhenitsyn's critics have one thing in common: they believe themselves to be in possession of The Truth about Solzhenitsyn. In fact they miss his whole point

Up from Modernity

CHARLES KESLER

IT WAS STARTLING, sitting there with the graduating class that expected, and alumni who remembered, the traditional commencement pieties, to hear an address that began, *"Harvard's motto is* Veritas," and then proceeded—not to a eulogy of Harvard, but to a sobering examination of *Veritas*. Truth, after all—the very idea that there is such a thing as objective truth—is not much at home on college campuses these days. Once or twice a year it is invited to class, but only to be dismissed as dogged superstition, or debunked as a sort of grand Ptolemaic error. Never mind the paradox that the denial of truth has itself to be true: Solzhenitsyn was arresting because he spoke of the truth as if it *were* true.

Nothing Solzhenitsyn said at Harvard, however, was as startling as what his critics thought he had said. In general they accused him of what the *Washington Post*, for instance, called "a gross misunderstanding of Western society," though they were disagreed as to why he had misunderstood it. A few —you will find them in any crowd— thought him just plain bonkers: James Reston declared that Solzhenitsyn's address (titled "A World Split Apart"), "for all its brilliant passages, . . . sounded like the wanderings of a mind split apart." But most opted for cultural determinism and charitably pronounced Solzhenitsyn to be, well, incorrigibly Russian. His views "arise from particular religious and political strains remote from Western experience," the *Post* said sniffily. Really imaginative commentators espied a theocrat; and the *New York Times* proclaimed him a "zealot" preaching "holy war," who, like the eighteenth century "religious Enthusiasts . . . believes himself to be in possession of The Truth and sees error [c'mon guys: that should've been "Error"] wherever he looks."

Diverse though they are, these critics have one thing in common: they believe themselves to be in possession of The Truth about Solzhenitsyn. In fact they miss his whole point.

A World Split Apart

Of course it is difficult for journalists who learned in college that all values are relative, and who remain awestruck by that truth, to weigh the heretical claim that all values may *not* be relative. But that is precisely what one must do, if only for a moment, in order to understand what Solzhenitsyn is trying to say. To understand requires that one first respect the author's terms; and that means, *inter alia*, paying attention to things like—the title of his address. Solzhenitsyn spoke of "A World Split Apart," even though, strictly speaking, his discussion of "worlds" occupies only a few paragraphs. A moment's reflection on the title provides a key to the full measure of Solzhenitsyn's indictment of modern society. For Solzhenitsyn's critics have dismissed him as illiberal without realizing that, in truth, he is *anti-modern*; that his doubts about the modern enterprise are fundamental, comprehensive; that he is asking, not merely, Is there a way out of Communism? but, Is there a way out of modernity? Or more precisely, Is there a way *up* from modernity?

1. The first meaning of the speech's title is easily recognizable as a vision of contemporary politics. *"Even at a hasty glance,"* Solzhenitsyn says—which is to say, even as journalists and other modern men routinely see things—it is obvious that two great superpowers oppose each other across the globe. But this *"political conception"* reflects only a partial understanding of the world, one that crystallizes in the *"illusion that danger may be abolished through successful diplomatic negotiations or by achieving a balance of armed forces."*

2. In truth, *"The split is a much profounder and more alienating one . . ."* whose nature begins to become apparent only when one considers how the split is usually expressed in speech. The United States and its philosophical allies proclaim a belief in "human rights" of the sort embodied in the Declaration of Independence—natural rights—and hold them to be the basis of civil government. Government exists to secure these rights, to protect the conditions of the pursuit of happiness. The Soviet Union and its allies call themselves Marxists. What exactly this means is the sort of question that exercises scholars over lifetimes, but it means at least a rejection of the idea of an unchanging human nature—and hence of natural rights. It is understood that Marxists believe in History or dialectical materialism, which is to say they believe that over time man changes his nature, that he creates himself, as it were, through his labor in time, and that the history of this creation through labor is the history of class struggle.

Mr. Kesler graduated from Harvard in the spring and returns there this fall to do graduate work, having spent the summer as NR*'s editorial assistant.*

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There is then a philosophical as well as a political division between West and East; or, one might say, a moral division, taking into account both the philosophical difference and the nature of its effect on political conduct. The so-called convergence theory, which tends to be widely discussed in the brief stretches between Soviet atrocities, concentrates on the lowest things—common bureaucratic and technological means, common scientific ends—and so misses the higher, and essential, difference between the U.S. and the USSR. This gulf is not economic, but moral and philosophical. So there is a philosophical split in the modern world or, *mutatis mutandis*, a split within the world of modern philosophy.

3. Very tidy—but doesn't a look around the globe reveal more cracks than we've allowed for? *"There is the concept of the Third World,"* Solzhenitsyn continues; *"thus, we already have three worlds. Undoubtedly, however, the number is even greater; we are just too far away to see."* If any *"ancient, deeply rooted, autonomous culture . . . constitutes an autonomous world,"* then China, India, Africa, and pre-revolutionary Russia, for example, must also be counted.

A Decline in Courage

Still, there is a sense in which these countries *are* part of the modern world, inasmuch as the very idea of Third and Fourth Worlds is a modern idea. Third World nations are called developing nations for a reason, after all; they are developing *into* something; they are, to use the totem-word of an entire social science discipline, "modernizing." It would not take much thought to connect the distinction between modern and developing worlds to the distinction between modern (or "rational–legal") and traditional societies, a distinction that emerged in late nineteenth century social science—most memorably in the work of Max Weber, whose books have been to sociology roughly what the Authorized Version has been to Protestantism. The division or *split* of the world into developed and developing halves—like the division into democratic and Communist—is an outgrowth of modern philosophy and social science. Neither of these splits transcends the modern viewpoint that Solzhenitsyn is engaged in identifying and refuting.

While it's true that the distinction between modern and traditional is not the same thing as a wish or expectation that the traditional should give way to the modern, in practice the one often elides into the other. In the West's *"blindness of superiority,"* remarks Solzhenitsyn, the notion is born that *"vast regions everywhere on our planet should develop and mature to the level of present-day Western systems . . . There is this belief that all those other worlds are only being temporarily prevented by wicked governments or by heavy crimes or by their own barbarity and incomprehension from taking the way of Western pluralistic democracy . . ."* The modern taxonomy of traditional and modern *"developed out of Western incomprehension of the essence of other worlds."* It judges countries *"on the basis of their progress"* toward modernity without questioning what sort of modernity (e.g., Western or Eastern) is the end of progress, or indeed whether modernity as a whole is choiceworthy.

4. *"A decline in courage,"* Solzhenitsyn declares, *"may be the most striking feature which an outside observer notices in the West in our days. The Western world has lost its civic courage . . ."* Although this loss is recent and might appear to be adventitious, Solzhenitsyn attributes it to the dynamics of the *"prevailing Western view of the world"* that was born in the Renaissance and *"found its political expression starting in the . . . Enlightenment."* What distinguished this view of the world was a tremendous burst of *"human independence and power"* and a radical new conception of science. For centuries science had been regarded as essentially contemplative, existing for the sake of understanding. Modern science exists for the sake of human power. When it first burst upon the world it was arrogant, impatient, ambitious—and frightfully exciting, for it promised revolutionary results. For two thousand years philosophers had sought to understand the world; the point now was to master and change it. Science, designed to serve (in Bacon's shining phrase) for the "relief of man's estate," promised affluence; affluence, a society at once happier and more just, as the motives for injustice were overcome.

In the last few decades, *"technical and social progress has permitted the realization of such aspirations . . . The majority of people have been granted well-being to an extent their fathers and grandfathers could not even dream about . . . an almost unlimited freedom of enjoyment."* However, the concentration on material well-being has jeopardized the way to *"free spiritual development."* Man is in danger of not only winning the world but losing his soul; he may soon discover that without his soul it is impossible to keep the world. If modern society is organized around the paramount natural right of self-preservation, as, for instance, Hobbes, Locke, and Madison understood it to be, then why should a citizen risk his *"precious life in defense of common values"*?

The Letter of the Law

Modernity began as an effort to improve society by enlarging man's power and dominion over nature. In politics, the means of improvement it characteristically adopted were institutions and laws, which it invested with the confidence of Kant's bold asseveration that just government "is only a question of the good organization of the state. . . . The problem of organizing a state, however hard it may seem, can be solved even for a race of devils." The *locus classicus* of this confidence is the United States Constitution, whose famous system of checks and balances is an institutional antidote to office-holders who, if not quite a race of devils, are nevertheless a race with little public spirit and much private passion. In the words of Madison's famous formula in *Federalist* #51: "Ambition must be made to counteract ambition. The interest of the man must be connected with the constitutional rights of the place."

When Solzhenitsyn sadly remarks that in the West *"the letter of the law . . . is considered to be the supreme solution"* to conflict, and that *"everybody operates at the extreme limit of the legal frames,"* his objection goes to the root of the modern outlook, and to the heart of America's constitutional arrangements. The reliance on institutions instead of the formation of character—the commitment to a "policy of supplying, by opposite and rival inter-

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ests, the defect of better motives," in Madison's phrase—appears to Solzhenitsyn mean and deficient. *"I have spent all my life under a Communist regime and I will tell you that a society without any objective legal scale is a terrible one indeed,"* he says. *"But a society with no other scale but the legal one is not quite worthy of man either."*

The alternative to reliance on institutions and the letter of the law is not tyranny or Czarist authoritarianism or the absence of law, but *"voluntary self-restraint."* This means moral education of the sort that teaches reason to rule the passions; moral education of the sort taught by Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, and others. As moral virtue is important in an individual, so good character is important in a people; and the role of law is to help shape a people's character. The modern reliance on institutions, commerce, and other substitutes for virtue implies a separation of law and morality where once there was merely a distinction. It is this separation that has provided *"access for evil."* Though the *"tilt of freedom in the direction of evil has come about gradually . . . it was evidently born primarily out of a humanistic and benevolent concept according to which there is no evil inherent in human nature; the world belongs to mankind and all the defects of life are caused by wrong social systems which must be corrected."*

In the modern view, *"everything beyond physical well-being and accumulation of material goods, all other human requirements and characteristics of a subtler and higher nature, [are] left outside the range of attention of the state and the social system."* Government, according to the familiar metaphor, is an umpire, seeing only that the most elementary and necessary rules are obeyed; scant attention is paid to the quality of the players as men; little effort is expended to educate them in virtue. The result is *"an atmosphere of moral mediocrity, paralyzing man's noblest impulses."*

The present peril of the West, its weakness and uncertainty, may therefore be traced to *"the very basis of human thinking in the past centuries,"* what Solzhenitsyn calls *"rationalistic humanism or humanistic autonomy: the proclaimed and enforced autonomy of man from any higher force above him."* Modernity, to put it simply, has been a mistake, a grave intellectual error. *"We are now experiencing the consequences of mistakes which had not been noticed at the beginning of the journey,"* he observes, hauntingly. *"On the way from the Renaissance to our days we have enriched our experience, but we have lost the concept of a Supreme Complete Entity which used to restrain our passions and our irresponsibility."* This loss—of the idea of God, or of nature, in the classical understanding—is the *"real crisis"* of our time, for *"the split in the world is less terrible than the fact that the same disease plagues its two main sections."*

A New Height of Vision

Modernity, in short, is in many ways a greater danger to man than Communism, which is only a particularly pathological mode of modernity—the marriage of the worst of modern science (and philosophy) with tyranny. Conservatives who are used to acclaiming Solzhenitsyn should understand that he is not merely anti-Communist but *anti-modern*, which means anti-capitalist as well. He objects to Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Madison, and Adam Smith as well as to Marx, though of course not so *much* as he objects to Marx.

Solzhenitsyn's opposition to modernity should not be identified as an opposition to the West. He is, in many ways, the greatest living representative of the West, an avatar of the West's most ancient and honorable principles. It is, for instance, no exaggeration to say that his understanding of man and politics is more intelligible in the context of the *Nicomachean Ethics* than of *War and Peace*, though that is not to gainsay his fierce love of the Russian people and their culture. But, on the one hand, having witnessed the diminution of man by modern science, and, on the other, having known that greatness of which the human soul is capable even in the most terrible circumstances, it's not surprising that he should reappraise, indeed resurrect, the almost forgotten alternative to modernity: classical and early Christian political philosophy.

He admitted as much at Harvard. *"It is imperative to review the table of widespread human values,"* he exhorted. *"Its present incorrectness is astounding. . . . We cannot avoid revising the fundamental definitions of human life and human society"* if man wishes to *"save life from self-destruction."* Whither shall man turn to recover the idea of a *"Supreme Complete Entity"*? Not to the *"Modern Era,"* not even to its early expressions. Nor to the Middle Ages, which reached their *"natural end"* in an *"intolerable despotic repression of man's physical nature in favor of the spiritual one."* Here at last is the final meaning of the title "A World Split Apart." For as between the Middle Ages and the Modern Era the human world is, so to speak, split apart. *"We shall have to rise to a new height of vision, to a new level of life where our physical nature will not be cursed as in the Middle Ages, but, even more importantly, our spiritual being will not be trampled upon as in the Modern Era."* The union of the sundered human world, of man as soul and body, would thus seem to belong to the one period of Western history he does not mention—those many centuries of classical thought stretching back beyond the Middle Ages.

When Solzhenitsyn declared that the contemporary West could not serve as a proper model for his country, he touched the love-it-or-leave-it nerve of many Americans. Yet he emphasized, on that unforgettable Thursday afternoon in Cambridge, that the bitterness he spoke was the bitterness of truth, that it had come *"not from an adversary but from a friend."* "Enemies never tell men the truth," Tocqueville wrote. "Just because I am a friend do I dare to say these things [about democracy]." Solzhenitsyn's address at Harvard struck this senior as a reminder of what I see the West as having lost, and what it must regain, if it is to survive *"the trials of our time"*; his message was part warning, part prophecy, but also part encouragement. Though the *"moral heritage of Christian centuries"* has been attenuated, natural right and natural law neglected, voluntary self-restraint abjured—still, Western man may have time to learn again the lessons of self-government. If Solzhenitsyn is more insistent about those lessons than the politic Tocqueville, that is because *"the forces of Evil have begun their decisive offensive."* And time, for the West, is running out. □

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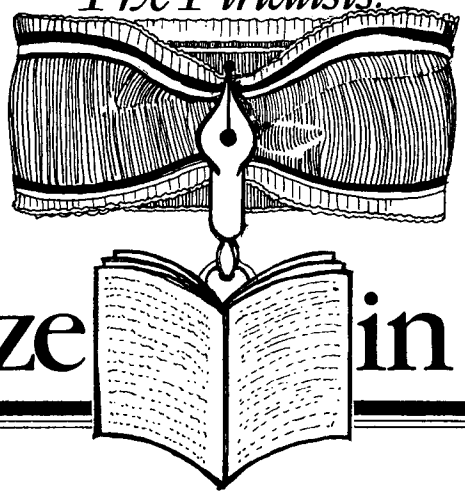
BOOK AWARDS

The Finalists: Nobel Prize in Literature



TONY REICHHARDT

CHIEF AMONG the proponents of a new Anti-Literature is the poet **Javier Tango** (Ecuador), whose monumental first novel, *Pilboose*, is already gaining wide acceptance among his family. The story is written in a hybrid of Spanish, Choctaw, Welsh, and a tongue used only by Tango's aging grandmother. The result is total incomprehensibility—"*¡No se puede entender!*" says Tango with a silly grin.

"The duty of the writer," the author claims, "is not to be understood, but rather to embarrass the student who has to read out loud in class." Indeed, Tango hopes that no one will understand his books. Informed that a Choctaw Indian living in Wales had already deciphered *Pilboose*'s title page and was making nice headway in the first chapter, he flew to the man's cottage and slapped him till he dropped the book.

Tango is something of a stylist, then. Not for the masses, his work can only be fully analyzed with the help of ten dictionaries and prayers by your pastor. But it has also won him a place as the most important mustachio'd Ecuadorian of the past nine or ten years.

His other works include *Crispy Lettuce and Other Poems*, *The Penguins of Palmyra and Other Poems*, *Two Tiny Verses and That's It*, and *Buntpew*, written in collaboration with a wildebeest.

Mr. Reichhardt graduated from the University of Virginia in 1977 and now resides in McLean, Virginia.

Chet Clippers (United States) has cited Balzac, Joyce, and Faulkner as his major influences, even though that's too ridiculous to believe. The author remembers when he first became concerned with the immediacy of his writing: "I wanted to have total communication with the reader, so I tried stream-of-consciousness techniques but got confused. Then came prose poetry. Then I tried not punctuating. By then it was twelve-thirty and I decided to sleep on it. The next morning it came to me—the Living Novel."

And what a breakthrough it was! People could buy tickets (publisher's list price, $13.95) to have Clippers himself come into their homes and personally tell them his story. Applauded by the critics, the project started off with a bang when Clippers drove cheerfully to the home of a retired bootblack in Maine.

He then jetted to Mumtrak, Alaska to read for the second buyers. Barely had he gotten his frozen mouth to move when the wife explained that she only read a little in the evening, and so that was enough for tonight, thank you. The enraged Clippers stalked out of the house, refusing to eat the dinner of seal's lips and snow his client had prepared. This made the woman furious, and she threatened to put Clippers on the shelf forever if he didn't behave. The details of what happened next are not clear, but at some point during the scuffle the author was pressed in a waffle iron, which accounts for his nickname, "Squares."

Depressed by the incident, Clippers abandoned the Living Novel and wrote nothing for years. Then, triumphantly, came his masterwork, *The Spinach Salesman*. The character of Cocktails Bob is considered one of the most well-drawn in all of American writing. It is on this work that Clippers' reputation largely rests. Then it gets up, walks around for a while, and rests again.

The next contestant is **William Bal-'loon** (Ireland):

She came to me like a sleek dream
Basted in butter,
Then cooked for 4 hours at 350°
Until quite tender

O, my quiet love
O, the times we had
O, my aching back

Here we go round the mulberry bush
But certainly we've been there before.

At first cryptic, Bal'loon's famous poem "Butter" becomes well-nigh ridiculous upon a second reading, and many critics are beginning to suspect that they've embarrassed themselves by praising it in the first place. Just the other day, a reviewer who had heaped

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lavish kudos on Bal'loon's first book, *Dingy Smiles*, was seen downtown screaming, "I hate William Bal'loon and anything he's ever touched or been near!" How's that for a turnaround?

But for those who have not dismissed the controversial Irishman completely, there is much interest at the core of his symbols, and sometimes at the peel or stem. For example, his "mulberry bush" seems to represent not only the actual mulberry plant itself, but the entire genus *Morus*, which includes all shrubs with milky juice and multiple false fruits. This still is little help to us in interpreting the stanza, but whose problem is that?

Bal'loon's innovative use of punctuation seems to derive from his insecurities over what he calls "that little bastard apostrophe in the middle of my name." He has admitted in an interview that "I would have preferred a complete, uninterrupted 'Balloon,' oh yes. Yes, I would have liked that very much."

Unlike cummings, Bal'loon always remembers to punctuate. He just forgets the words sometimes, as in his early verse, "I'll Have the Cheeseburger, Please":

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In the Forties, this poem caused much talk of tarring and feathering the disturbed Bal'loon, who only narrowly escaped by tarring and feathering himself first. Today, however, the poet enjoys an international reputation and is one of the most influential artists of our time, especially in his choice of shoes and ties.

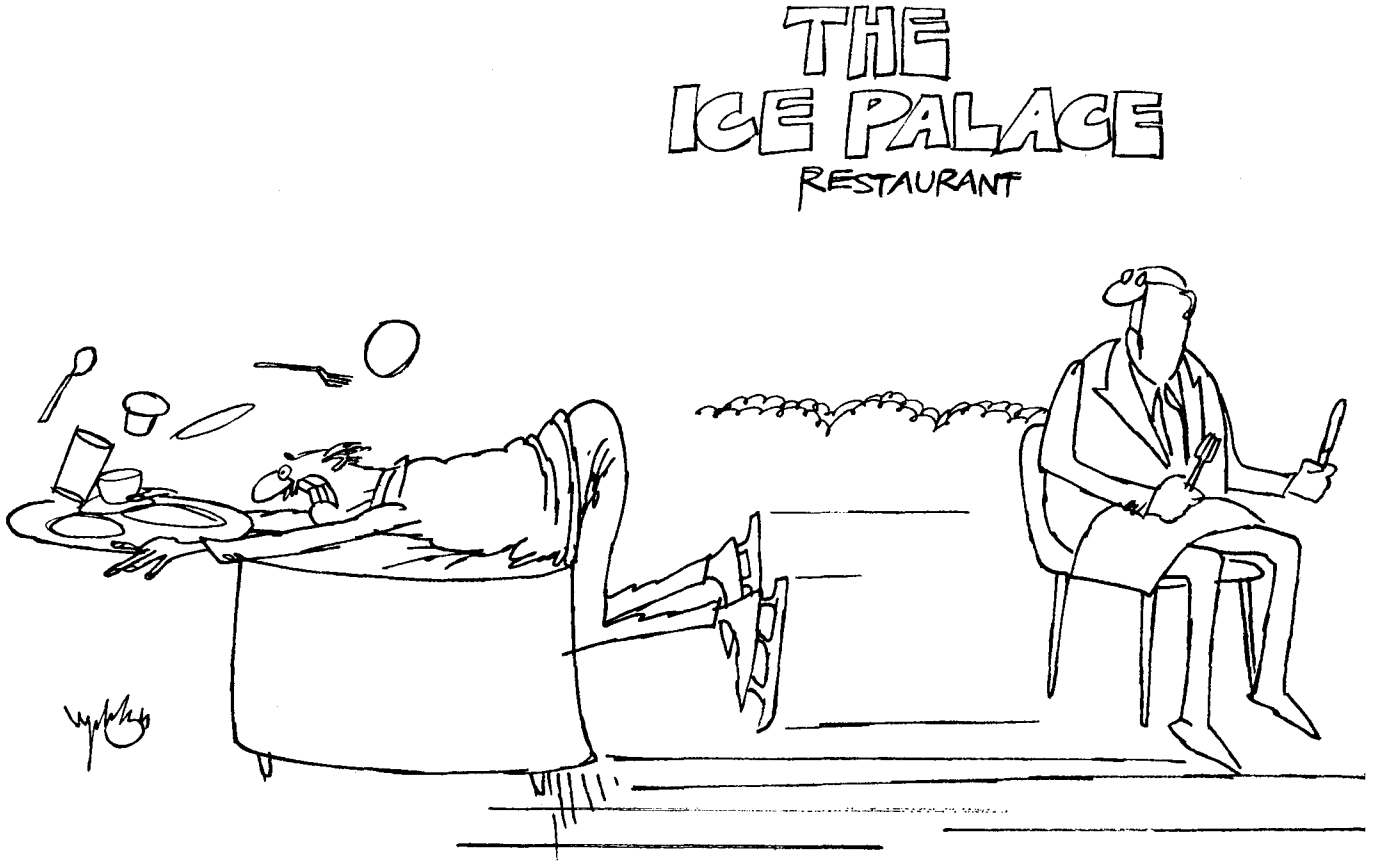
Some say that Punk Literature is a passing fad. Others say, "No, it isn't," and the conversation deteriorates. Either way, the genre is attracting some of today's most respected talent, including one **Ed Smith** (United Kingdom).

The Punk school has been accused of dealing with adolescent themes in such works as *Pimples Ahoy!* and *The Cheerleader with Plentiful Breasts*, but perhaps there is more to it, as this passage of Ed Smith's suggests:

> I came into the room, sat down, stood up, and sat down again. I couldn't decide. Surely everyone else in the room who was sitting had made a conscious choice to sit, and were perfectly content with that decision. They weren't even squirming, and I was jumping around like crazy.
>
> There was a girl who (like me) couldn't decide. She was squatting. I had to have her. I took her. I had her. I still do. I-I-I . . . I *canta y no llores.*
>
> from
> *The Pigkisser*
> by Ed Smith

In one brief passage, Smith has captured the psychic torment of the modern city-dweller, and he's threatening to let it go if more people don't buy his books.

His other works include the wry *Poop on My Shoes* and the important —but extremely hostile—*Get Away from Me.* □



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Munching Fig Newtons

Sage Brush

DALE VREE

In her piece on the Lefebvre movement in America ("More Catholic Than the Pope," *Harper's*, July), a certain Mary Gordon inadvertently or coyly—I'm not sure which—reveals her class prejudices and thereby illumines some of the sociological contradictions of international Lefebvrism. I am not particularly pro- or anti-Lefebvrism myself, but I was intrigued.

A lapsed Roman Catholic, Miss Gordon is nonetheless attracted to the Archbishop, for "He is a gentleman, a quality one is not supposed to yearn for in successors to the Apostles. There is a story about one of the Cecils who came home sporting a beard to the outrage of his father, who told him that gentlemen never wore beards. 'But,' his son objected, 'Our Lord wore a beard.' 'Our Lord,' his father said, 'was not a gentleman.' Archbishop Lefebvre *is* . . ." (italics hers). Moreover, he's no run-of-the-mill gentleman; he is, *mais oui*, a "French gentleman." Miss Gordon is nostalgic for the Middle Ages, you see, so Lefebvre has fond associations in her mind: he "suggests *la vieille Europe*: châteaux, silver, ancient and perfect servants, a chapel near the tennis court, where one could confess to one's impeccable chaplain one's latest indiscretion with the young gardener and . . . where it will be suggested that among people of consequence these things are bound to occur."

Miss Gordon tells us with a hint of discomfort that the Archbishop is "a bug on Freemasonry," but she reassures herself that this really "has the charm of a foreign obsession." It's a French thing, you know. But the Archbishop is a monarchist. Can Miss Gordon get behind that? Well, "That position has, again, the charm of the impossible." She is working herself into being a crypto-Lefebvrite. You see, Lefebvrism "sparks the romance of a lost cause."

Miss Gordon is setting out for the Lefebvrite chapel in Oyster Bay, Long Island. She hopes she will find "a group of priests superbly educated on the French model—Latinists, Scholastics, with perhaps an expert on Palestrina in the group." What a precious vision this is! But the irony is that Miss Gordon grew up on Long Island entangled with a knot of tasteless conservative Catholics. What she will encounter in Oyster Bay is one bad memory after another.

Getting out of the taxi, she is first disappointed, as she approaches the chapel's front door, by "a piece of yellow-orange indoor-outdoor carpeting," definitely *not* "the fabric of my fantasies." She is taken by a young priest into the chapel. *Mais non.* "The rug going up to the altar is a fake Oriental. I make a mental note to talk seriously to them about carpeting."

The priest tells her that they have bought out the company that made the now-obsolete St. Joseph Missal. She used to have one. "Before I know what I am saying I exclaim, 'But St. Joseph Missals were the tackiest of any of them.' 'Tacky?' he says, looking puzzled. I am again disappointed; I cannot take seriously the spiritual life of anyone for whom 'the tacky' is not a lively concept. 'It's not the sort of thing we worry about,' he says. . . ." Miss Gordon is mortified.

She is, *mirabile dictu*, finally able to relate to this clerical peasant when he mentions the "Catholic spirit"—the Catholic stress on the beauty and goodness of creation. They are able to share a sense of superiority to those austere Protestants. "Even today," she reminds herself, "I think of certain things as being quintessentially Protestant: Fig Newtons, trust funds, slipper-socks." She goes on about the value of natural things and the Church's function to bless them. Evidently, the conversation picks up a head of steam. She asks the good Father what he would do with all those Protestant heretics. "The way of dealing with them in the Middle Ages," he says, fortuitously touching the magic word, "I think was good. They were more or less removed from the scene." Yes! Sounds interesting, but how? "By being executed," he says calmly. Trouble is, some of Miss Gordon's, yes, best friends are heretics. The conversation is all downhill thereafter.

Next, she is introduced to the various laymen who help around the chapel. One of them looks like a lady who could have lived on her block when she was a girl: "Her hairstyle means she still [*still!*] uses rollers, and I see her in rollers as I speak to her, in a supermarket, or cooking frozen peas and minute steaks." Miss Gordon, upwardly mobile and very much a woman of the world now, is being taken down memory lane—way down.

The following day she travels to Hicksville to hear a Latin Mass in a VFW hall. Hmmmm. She scrutinizes the crowd. More problems. They "could be any working-class group, a collection of bowlers or steelworkers and their wives . . . no one is wearing anything strikingly fashionable." Hicks in Hicksville. How fitting. The priest extols Lent in his sermon; Miss Gordon is annoyed that the parishioners' Lenten meals "will be largely made up of fish sticks and Velveeta, not *omelettes aux fines herbes*." Fish sticks? Egads!

Miss Gordon did not find what she was seeking on Long Island. She was interested in style, "in a movement that combined the classical ideal of the Gregorian Mass with the romantic image of the foreign life, suggesting illegitimacy." She wasn't looking for baby Jesus, just for a way of distancing herself from *hoi polloi* (later, when I see her agnostic piece on abortion in the very correct *New York Review of Books*, where she tweaks pro-lifers for displaying "bad taste," it all fits into place). But, cruel fate, she found herself wallowing in the muck and mire of humanity. It was, she says, "as if I had got off the *métro* looking for Balmain's and found myself in Kresge's." So Miss Gordon grooves on the Catholic idea of finding goodness in nature. But she won't allow that a lot of nature is pretty ordinary, that even a gaggle of Lefebvrites on Long Island munching fish sticks in rollers is part of nature.

One of the great Catholic imperatives is to somehow "find the Divine in the ordinary," maybe even in Kresge's, hopefully even in a tacky manger in a stinking stable two thousand years ago. Ah, nature! Giant redwoods, yes. Even *human* nature—if it's French and well-bred. But, please Lord, don't send me to look for it in Kresge's, with all those ladies in rollers. I may just walk out with a brown bag full of—perish forbid!—Fig Newtons. □

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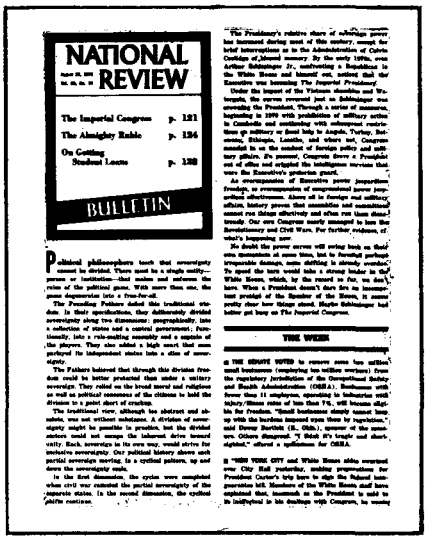
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BULLETIN

THE WEEK

(Especially when you can get it for only $2.98)

The fact is, this is a *most* important election year—especially for conservatives. Yet (as usually happens in "off-year" election campaigns) it is being *under*-reported by the media (even though severe liberal-Democratic defeats *could* seriously damage Jimmy Carter's already-shaky position now—and possibly wreck his 1980 chances. Don't think Teddy isn't watching closely!).

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The Federal Nursery

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

WOULD YOU LIKE to have the government direct the rearing of your offspring, from birth to the age of six? Well, plenty of educationist bureaucrats are eager to assume that responsibility. The battle is fought from time to time in state legislatures, as it was recently in Missouri.

During the Nixon Administration, Senator Walter Mondale got through Congress his bill to implement a grandiose federally financed "child care" scheme; but President Nixon vetoed it. Nothing so grand has been passed during the Ford and Carter Administrations; still, lesser forms of "early childhood education" have been instituted, with federal and state funds, in several states. And various state legislatures are being urged to pass enabling statutes, in anticipation of vast federal largesse.

Who wants this boondoggle? Why, the bills introduced into state legislatures pretty clearly are drawn up by somebody at HEW, in Washington. They are supported by the National Education Association and its affiliates, by the National Organization for Women and the National Women's Political Caucus, and by groups even further left. This year, in the Missouri legislature, there was introduced a bill "to provide for coordination of early childhood education and child development services" for pre-schoolers. As the Missouri Senate bill put it, "'Comprehensive early childhood education and development services' may include, but are not necessarily limited to, the following: screening and diagnostic services, including testing to determine the child's ability to comprehend and use the English language; educational programs for children, including providing qualified instruction in the English language and its proper use for those children who are unable to comprehend and use the English language, and related parent education; health and mental health services; social services; and child care services." The bill would have authorized the Missouri department of elementary and secondary education to promulgate "a comprehensive early childhood education and child development plan."

You will gather that, despite the long clauses about instruction in English (how nearly perfect is any three-year-old's English?), this proposal would have authorized vastly more than that. In practice, it would have included the Mondale "child care services," the baby-bins in which even affluent mothers might deposit their offspring in order to follow other interests.

Yet these bills are strongly advocated by the governor of Missouri, the state commissioner of education, the powerful Speaker of Missouri's House, and the Missouri PTA; when the bill was introduced in the House it had 71 co-sponsors—though a good many of these withdrew their support when they discovered what it was all about.

MANY EDUCATIONISTS and educational lobbyists are eager for such legislation, on both federal and state levels, as a means to expand the educationist empire and to provide employment for teachers and teachers' assistants in a time when school enrollments are diminishing. Time was when these educationists hoped to compel all young people to submit to two years of schooling beyond high school—the "13th and 14th grades." But that notion has sunk down to dusty death, especially since 18-year-olds obtained the franchise. (As Edmund Burke put it, "No man will be argued into slavery.") Children from one day old to six years, however, don't vote, not yet; so they amount to an unploughed field for compulsory-schooling zealots to till.

Also, the pre-school "child development" scheme is promoted by sociologists and educationists who had once fancied that massive "busing" would establish complete equality in school performance, but have found, to their chagrin, that children of successful parents continue to do much better in integrated schools than do children of unsuccessful parents. How, then, to level every child up—or down? Why, take the tots away from their parents' influence and give all of them the same baby-bin indoctrination.

In Missouri, Dr. Paul Busiek, a pediatrician and a member of Missouri's House, set his face against this vague, ominous proposal. Under the authority of these bills, Dr. Busiek said, "A mechanism, totalitarian in nature, will be set in place. It will put the federal educational bureaucracy in Washington in a position to dictate far more radical approaches to early childhood education and development than our state commissioners of education could or would be willing to undertake. It would supplant, in many ways, the traditional American ideal that the family has the primary role and responsibility for child rearing and development . . .

"The federal education establishment's repeatedly voiced interest in using the schools for 'social change' adds to the reasons for our concern over the content of federally funded programs. . . . It was with the advent of federal aid that those who view the school as an instrument for social change could hope to acquire a firm . . . influence on local school districts . . ."

Amen to that. Dr. Busiek and some other Missouri legislators gradually won round many colleagues. In the House, the Speaker in effect applied gag rules, so that the child-development bill could not be adequately debated. Nevertheless, on the last day of the legislature's session the House bill was defeated by a small majority. It is not likely to rise again for some time, since the more the public learns about the details of such proposals, the less it approves them. The backers of the Missouri child-care legislation prudently refrained from wide publicity for their plan.

We can be sure that other state legislatures will be entreated to adopt legislation of this sort, so long as the Carter-Mondale Administration endures in Washington. The educationist lobbies labor while the public sleeps. □

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Poop Poop!

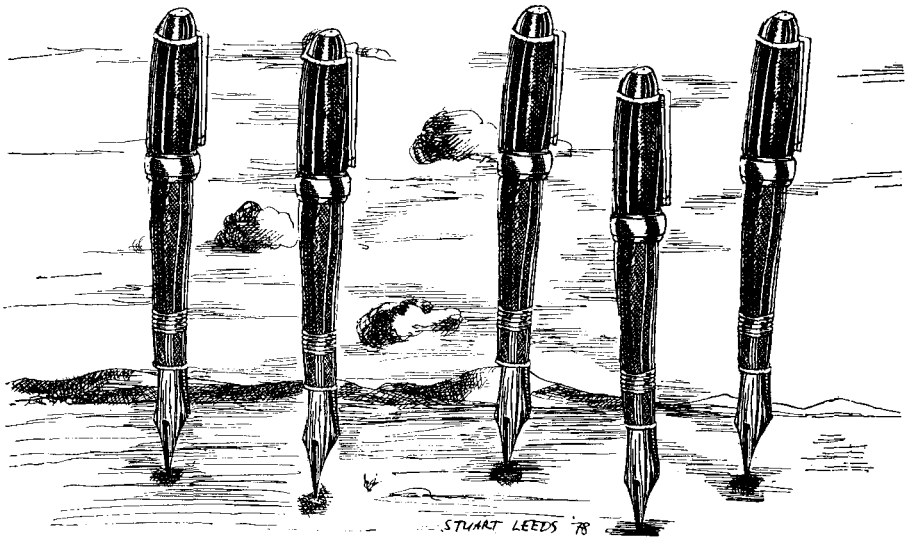
D. KEITH MANO

Chesapeake
By James A. Michener
Random House, 865 pp., $12.95

$200 BOUNTY—*Given the person or persons who can convince James A. Michener to Stop Writing Now. Immediate action necessary. No questions asked. Contact D. Keith Mano c/o* NATIONAL REVIEW.

I just wish I had more ready cash to hand. Michener is a lethal bore, a fat malignancy grown on the decent tissue of our literature. Listen to his publisher's gross and gleeful PR sheet. "With a first printing of 255,500 (using nearly 600,000 pounds of paper and running the equivalent of 4,267 miles) . . ." Don't read it, lift it: if it gives you a hernia, it's art. More: it was from Dickens that " 'I [Michener] learned how narratives developed and that there were certain conventions to use to make things happen.' " A conventional writer: and proud of it, no less. Then he'll tell us, this old megalomaniac, that " 'In the expansion of peace, women and men who might never have left home found themselves living in exciting foreign lands. They wanted to read about their experiences, and they came upon my work.' " Note: they read *him* rather than live: the dead smugness of it. I'll rent Michener to describe my childhood in Flushing: then it'll really have happened. Worse yet: "From 1970-74 he served on the national commission which helped guide America's intellectual operations abroad." What commission? The U.S. Foreign Intellectual Operations Commission? What is an intellectual operation? I know! Michener suborned men to dog-ear pages at the "good parts" in some alien library somewhere. Keep reading: the Great Homogenizer hasn't stopped yet. "He is constantly asked to visit foreign countries [what are unforeign countries?] and to write about them." Never mind my childhood: whole peoples are denied statehood until Michener legitimizes them in fiction. This is gigantism and presumption at its bloat-green smarmiest.

They call *Chesapeake*—guess what?—"a sweeping historical novel." I think "whisking" is more apt. The sweep-whisk genre will take a pseudo-historical place or family and trace its/their progress from ice age to Tuesday last. (Michener has saved his ice age description for page 405—a risky and imaginative departure.) Sweep-whisk novels are usually written by people who haven't talent or idea enough to write a short book. The standard *Chesapeake* character, for instance, won't develop, he'll just change costume from century to century. Besides, Michener is more interested in hardware than people: ships particularly: *Chesapeake* has all that mizzen abaft poop to windward hard off the port centerboard and furl your bosun chair gibberish, which doesn't mean a Q-tip to any but 15 readers in America. There is one sea jargon sentence, though, that could describe Michener himself: "Ships, like men, do poorly when the wind is directly behind . . . the wind seems favorable . . . but actually it is destructive because it induces relaxation in tension and skill." *Chesapeake*: no more need be said. The following wind of simple-headed cliché and intention (and crass popularity) has been behind



M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **Zane Kotker**'*s most recent novel is* A Certain Man. . . . **Ellen Cronan Rose** *is a professor of English at Dartmouth. . . .* **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians.

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Michener for so long that all effort or care is now unstrung: slack as a fat woman's underarm.

Michener has floated Devon Island in Chesapeake Bay. To this MGM back-lot contrivance 'most all of historical America will pay a duty visit. Washington, Calhoun, Webster, Clay: re-routed from reality at Michener's convenience. It was a feeble device; I understood that: yet I did presume, at least, that his research into tone and detail would be reasonably accurate. But by 1974 he couldn't dupe even gullible me. Though I might not know how Washington played cards, I had been around for Watergate. The present-day sections of *Chesapeake* are tedious, idiotic, disjunct, pointless, phony, and offensive. Michener has written a lunch-box-sized, condescending children's book. And he is cheeky enough to end with sonorous admonitions re keeping nature natural: this man who has made a thousand forests tumble down so that his trivial glut might be read.

Michener is a long joke, of course: but a dangerous one. He has been too often and easily read. We inhabit a neglectful time: history-the-discipline is not honored in school curricula now: more and more, "historical knowledge" comes from fiction. This need not be a bad thing: provided that research is meticulous: provided that writers don't recast known truth to accommodate their weak and fantastical brainchildren. A Michener, though, is without scruple: Alger Hiss was better at truth and more interesting. No man has done more to corrupt the historical perspective of Americans than Michener, with his unctuous, naïve, sentimental, and downright fraudulent plot-maneuvering. It's ironic: he would not be rich and popular today if readers didn't assume they were getting reliable fact with fancy: that has been his attraction. If Michener wrote honest fiction, took a novelist's chance, he'd be just another unremarkable hack. But he will pretend to retail fact, and that makes him some kind of liar. □

Violet Clay
By Gail Godwin
Knopf, 324 pp., $10

HOLDING PATTERN

ZANE KOTKER

I read much of this book while in a two-hour holding pattern over La Guardia Airport, and it would not be inappropriate to say that *Violet Clay* is a book about a 32-year-old artist in a holding pattern; toward the end, the runway is cleared and Violet Clay descends, a whole lot nearer to where she wanted to get than she was at takeoff. Except this image seems off for a book that is about women in their houses.

The heroine makes her rent money by illustrating Gothic novels, producing twice a month a painting of an astonished-eyed maiden fleeing (in twinkletoe shoes) the vague outlines of a menacing vine-covered house behind her. A look of horror is on her face: soon the evil male pursuer will catch her and make it clear that all he wanted was to love her gently and she will go back into the house and begin to cook meals inside it, to order new drapes, and to raise the children who will keep her from playing the piano or painting pictures; or so Violet Clay ruminates as she paints her own round-eyed face into her latest van Dyck-y scene.

Childless Violet has abandoned her own husband in a duplex in Greenville, North Carolina and come to New York to escape the fate of wife and housekeeper; it had been the undoing of her Charleston grandmother, a would-be pianist. Her own mother had been a suicide by water off the Charleston battery. Her death left Violet a "poor-me" orphan, since the infant's father had already been killed in World War II. In New York, the 23-year-old runaway wife Violet meets rejection with her unstylishly realistic paintings and her ingénue's overexpectation, but she also re-meets her elusive, glamorous, once successful uncle, Ambrose Clay, a writer; she and Ambrose spend the next nine years in their separate lives toying with the idea of suicide and with various kinds of self-destructiveness: drink, artistic compromise, self-pity, lack of discipline, and, generally, a weak will, or no "drive," as Ambrose's short-term Yankee wife puts it.

But Violet is forced by circumstances to come to grips with her delay in developing as a real artist and enters her holding pattern of self-examination in the Brooklyn Heights townhouse of a homosexual or perhaps simply asexual friend, Milo, who's a writer of Gothic romances. Most of her introspective circling above the past and the future, however, is done during a loverless stretch in the Adirondacks, where Violet lives alone in the cabin that the despairing Ambrose has vacated. Here she meets an aging reader of one of the Gothics she's illustrated, a little girl of a seventy-year-old woman who, in a dark house full of stuffed game animals, sleeps in white lace beneath a flouncy white canopy. In the evenings, this lady named Minerva, whom Violet could become, recalls how she used to sing her dying mother to sleep. (Back in Brooklyn Heights Milo had told of how he began writing Gothics: the bookmobile had run out of the romances he read nightly to *his* dying mother.)

Violet's other neighbor, the young but silver-haired Samantha, is raising a fatherless child in the woods. Samantha is a new woman, but not a goddess, and she has built her own house—wearing no twinkletoe shoes, dependent upon no man, and not fearing or fleeing her house. Violet doesn't flee her chosen, though demon-ridden, cabin either —not until she has painted this new woman "suspended" in light; perhaps the image of a woman in a holding pattern was not so inaccurate, after all.

GAIL GODWIN's complexity goes on beneath the surface, even beneath the surface of language, and the end product is deceptively simple. There is something so familiar about what she presents that she seems to have the perceptions of the women of her generation pressed right into her typewriter ribbon: her reminiscences of coming to New York are those of the thousands of us who tried to get out of that Gothic house; so are her recollections of despair, and even her descriptions of getting dressed for an interview in linen sheath, pearls, and I. Miller pumps. Through such details, she creates a *there* and takes the reader to it, or back to it. Nothing she writes is

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boring, although a few conversations in this book aren't good, being fleshless dialogue about ideas. And sometimes plain speech can become cliché: "I plopped down on the bed." Nor should a writer use the word "shape-shifting" (John Gardner's?) once per hundred pages.

But these are small enough flaws in a very straight writer. To read a Gail Godwin book is to be with Gail Godwin; that is very nice indeed. You don't feel manipulated by someone in the book business; it's more as if an intelligent, honest, sensual, observant, amusing, vulnerable, and tactful person had taken a seat beside you on the airplane. □

Stories
By Doris Lessing
Knopf, 626 pp., $15

FORMS OF CHAOS

ELLEN CRONAN ROSE

In 1965, Doris Lessing and her publisher at that time (Simon and Schuster) culled out of her previous collections of short stories those that were set in Africa and came up with *African Stories*. Thirteen years later, Lessing and Knopf have gathered the rest into *Stories*. All that remains to be done is to issue a second edition of *African Stories* that will include three that were published in Lessing's 1972 collection, *The Temptation of Jack Orkney and Other Stories*. And then we will have Doris Lessing's complete short stories, all 68 of them, in two volumes.

But why in two? Because a single volume would be unwieldy? Possibly. Well then, why not *Collected Stories* in two volumes? Why this division?

A collection of short stories is like a sentence. A sentence is composed of grammatical units which can be diagrammed—this is a noun phrase, this is an adverbial clause. But the sentence is more than the sum of its parts. It makes a statement by virtue of the relationships within and among those parts.

By scissoring her collected stories into two units, Lessing has neatly diagrammed the complex statement her stories, as a whole, make. Reading *African Stories*, one hears the voice of Doris Lessing, socialist, full of what she calls "the bile that in fact I feel for the 'white' society in Southern Rhodesia as I knew and hated it." One also hears her loving awe of "the continent itself." The author of *African Stories*, then, is both a social realist and a regional writer.

The writer of *Stories*, on the other hand, is defined not so much by her politics or her origins as by her sex. Most of these stories—the notable exception is the novella-length "Temptation of Jack Orkney"—document the situation of being a woman as a woman perceives it. Usually this involves simultaneously needing and being at odds with men; at least once—in what is possibly Lessing's best story, "To Room Nineteen"—it leads to suicide.

When these stories are not about *being* a woman, they are stories *written* by a woman, in a style Lessing herself once dismissively described as "feminine—intense, careful, self-conscious, mannered." There are, for example, three sketches about gardens and a couple of what Lessing has called "zany" fantasies.

The point is that neither the writer of *African Stories* nor the writer of *Stories* is Doris Lessing, a formidably complex author who has spent the last 25 years fighting two giants called Fragmentation and Compartmentalization. No, she has told interviewers, I am not feminist, socialist, Communist, Jungian, Laingian, Sufi. Or rather, yes, I am all of these—and still you have not defined me.

The protagonist of Lessing's *Golden Notebook*, a writer named Anna Wulf, keeps four notebooks in which she records, respectively, her business, political, artistic, and personal transactions. At one point in the novel, she is challenged by the teenaged son of her best friend: "Why the four notebooks? What would happen if you had one big book without all those divisions and brackets and special writing?" "I've told you," Anna replies, "chaos." And the boy retorts, "If things are a chaos, then that's what they are. I don't think there's a pattern anywhere—you are just making patterns, out of cowardice."

For that moment, Tommy is Doris Lessing's surrogate in the novel. Like Tommy, Lessing believes that the novel should at least "hint" at the complexity of life, that what is wrong with what she calls "the conventional novel" is that it turns "rough and apparently formless and unshaped" experience into a "small neat thing." Lessing's triumph is that, in novel after amazing novel,

RANDOM NOTES

■ WHAT'S LEFT IN SEPTEMBER: Eldridge Cleaver apparently tells everything about his spiritual and political transformation in *Soul on Fire* (Word Publishers, $8.95). This could be the antidote for *Soul on Ice*. . . . *Inside IRS: How Internal Revenue Works (You Over)* (Stein and Day, $8.95) by Jeff A. Schnepper speaks for itself. . . . For a first novel, *Downriver* (Holt, Rinehart, $9.95) by Peter Collier has received considerable pre-publication attention. . . . *Sports!* (Abrams, $29.95) is a big, beautiful collection of the photographs of *Sports Illustrated* photographer Neil Leifer. It includes an accompanying text by George Plimpton, and a foreword by the incomparable Red Smith, native son of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

■ SOME OCTOBER TITLES: *The Stories of John Cheever* (Knopf, $15) is the first one-volume collection of the short stories of one of our best modern writers. Students of the American short story should find this a real pleasure. . . . *Sexual Shakedown: The Sexual Harassment of Women on the Job* (McGraw-Hill, $12.95) by Lin Farley joins the familiar litany. It is sure to draw raves from *Ms.* . . . Steve Neal has written a sympathetic profile of *The Eisenhowers: Reluctant Dynasty* (Doubleday, $10.95). . . . Isabella Leitner remembers Nazi horrors in *Fragments of Isabella: A Memoir of Auschwitz* (Crowell, $7.95). . . . In *The Literacy Hoax* (Morrow, $10.95), Paul Copperman attacks several of the myths of modern public education. . . . In *Tutankhamun: The Untold Story* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), Thomas Hoving relates the story of the 3,400-year-old tomb and its discovery by Westerners. Hoving is the arranger of the Tutankhamun exhibit which has traveled around the United States for more than a year now, drawing record museum crowds.

■ SPECIAL MENTION: *NR* contributor Thomas Molnar will soon have published *Christian Humanism: A Critique of the Secular City and Its Ideology* (Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago, $7.75).

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she has found forms to express chaos. And she has done this, not as Anna Wulf would do it, by compartmentalizing, but by comprehending the chaos. Perhaps the best description of Lessing's novels is this remark by the hero of one of those novels: "it isn't either-or at all, it's and, and, and, and, and, and."

Now that Doris Lessing's short stories have been collected into two neat volumes, the earlier and messier collections will probably go out of print. So admirers of Lessing's stories—and there is much to admire in the work of this novelist "addicted" to writing short stories—will have to buy them in compartmentalized form. But he needn't read them as either-or. He can read a story from *African Stories* and one from *Stories* and then one from *African Stories*, and so on. Thus he can assemble his own *Collected Stories* in which, as Lessing has said of *The Golden Notebook*, "things have come together, the divisions have broken down, there is formlessness with the end of fragmentation." □

Selected Letters of John O'Hara
Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Random House, 517 pp., $17.95

THE POTTSVILLE BALZAC

MITCHELL S. ROSS

"Oh, but John O'Hara was a difficult man!" wrote Brendan Gill in *Here at the New Yorker*, and so these letters testify. Gill had written an unkind review of *A Rage to Live*, which of course marked him as O'Hara's enemy for life. The fact that the review had appeared in *The New Yorker*, with which O'Hara had had a long (though hardly fond) affiliation, made matters worse; so did the related machinations of James Thurber, who employed the opportunity to spike, temporarily, the friendship between O'Hara and *The New Yorker*'s Wolcott Gibbs. Such incidents came naturally in O'Hara's life; he had a gift for making enemies.

He was also a snob of the worst sort: one without credentials. Quite a few of his letters complain of snubs; some of them were more imagined than real, and all were of the utmost triviality. He muttered about not being elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters; he grumbled about an insufficiency of rosettes after his election. He labored for admission to the Century Club, and envisioned conspiracies behind his rejection. Conspiracies of a different sort were behind his failure to win the Pulitzer Prize, and the grim visage of Alfred Kazin hovered over his attempt to cop the National Book Award for *Ten North Frederick*. When he won, he confessed with typically dour wit, "I had to eat dirt (native grounds)."

NATURALLY enough, O'Hara was one of those writers enthralled by the obscure Swedish professors who oversee the dispensation of Alfred Nobel's bequest. In 1958 he wrote to Robert Kirsch of the *Los Angeles Times*, "I want the Nobel Prize, as Joe DiMaggio said in quite another connection, so bad I can taste it." A more frequent confidant on this subject was Charles Poore, the Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of his day, now completely forgotten; indeed, Poore, who praised O'Hara's novels in high, stunning tones, seemed to O'Hara a 1950s incarnation of Boileau, Hazlitt, and Sam Johnson: "You, by which I mean your work as a critic," O'Hara wrote to him, "represent the difference between working and working-without-reward."

O'Hara courted Poore because he kept his reputation aloft; money and reputation were his two passions in life. It is hard to say which of these was more important to him, although once he had earned a lot of money, O'Hara worked harder than ever at his reputation; thus his pursuit of club memberships and literary prizes. It is really a shame that the Nobel Prize did not fall his way. This would have been the greatest club membership of them all, and most assuredly O'Hara belonged in the celestial company of Rabindranath Tagore, Jacinto Benavente y Martinez, and Pearl S. Buck.

His mastery of the short story is generally conceded. I have read only half a dozen or so of the hundreds he turned out, and I confess that the thrills they gave me were rather muted; this is quite possibly due to my allergic reaction to short stories, first discovered by my second-grade teacher, for which I have never received adequate treatment. O'Hara's novels grew out of his desire to be remembered as the Balzac of Pottsville, Pa. *Appointment in Samarra* is a decent enough exercise, still readable after four decades, but a novel of the later years, such as *Ten North Frederick*, does not seem to me much better than dozens of other family sagas written by men who feel no slight at not having got into the Century Club. It is prolix, it is filled with dull characters, it is written in undistinguished prose, and its psychology is faulty. As the Victorian novelist overplayed virtue, the American writer of today overplays sex; O'Hara was in this sense quite typical.

He did not think so, of course; visitors to his grave are informed, in his own words, "Better than anyone else, he told the truth about his time, the first half of the twentieth century." My guess is that along about Memorial Day, 2046, some fellow will stroll by that tombstone, on his way to lay some flowers at the final resting place of his mother-in-law; he will turn to his wife, interrupting her reverent memories, and he will ask her, "Honey, who was that crank?" □

William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond
By Cleanth Brooks
Yale University Press, 445 pp., $17.50

A TRIUMPH OF PRE-CRITICISM

M. E. BRADFORD

In 1963 the Yale University Press published Cleanth Brooks's magisterial *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*. Its subject was the body of major fiction set in Faulkner's Mississippi microcosm, the mythical county just south and east of Memphis, of which he was, by his own denomination, "sole owner and proprietor." Now, after 15 years, Cleanth Brooks's labor is rounded out. In *William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond* the focus is upon the apprentice work (in prose and in verse) and the fiction

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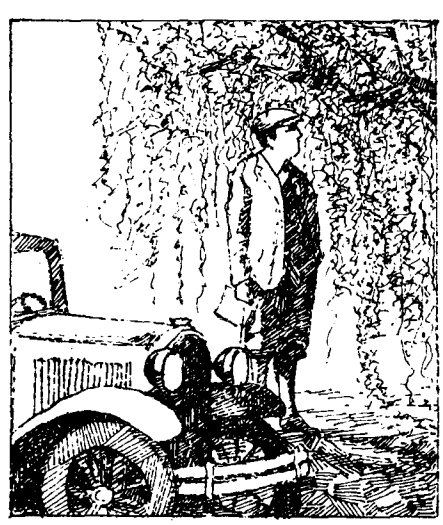
which treats of life outside of Yoknapatawpha.

The new volume has been long and eagerly awaited, and, now that it has arrived, it does not disappoint. It and the previous book, taken together, constitute the most important introduction to the Faulkner canon now in existence. They discuss everything but the short fiction; and when one of these stories does come up in passing, Brooks is invariably instructive about it. We are overwhelmed with riches: particularly in the lengthy notes, asides, and appendices. And by this patience and care for detail the performance of our most significant American novelist of this century is preserved and protected from the relentless spirit of ideological anachronism which threatens constantly to distort his art into a text for expansion upon its own perverse enthusiasms. Brooks stands in its way. For this reason more than for any other we must value what he has achieved.

But it is perhaps necessary to think of these two studies as a unit if we are to recognize what they might mean to a generation yet unborn. On first examination the second half of Brooks's *Faulkner* is, to be sure, less exciting *as criticism* (as the author has taught us to understand that word) than are certain chapters of the earlier work. For the best of Faulkner deals with Yoknapatawpha. The new book intends to show us why. Therefore it is much concerned with the origins of Faulkner's aesthetics in a *fin de siècle* romanticism—a sterile imaginative posture which he was able to escape by turning to the native subject. It is full of source study and other kinds of literary and intellectual history: commentary on the contexts of Faulkner's creative activity written in a vein which early detractors of Brooks and the other formalist critics once argued they could not produce. And it depends when necessary upon the details of biography—another kind of criticism we were once led to believe that Mr. Brooks would not do.

There are of course new explications in this book—of *Soldiers' Pay*, *Mosquitoes*, *Pylon*, and *A Fable*—plus a fine reading of the often misunderstood "double novel" of maladroit masculine initiation, *The Wild Palms*. Furthermore, Brooks diverges from the preplanned division of his task so as to return to *Absalom, Absalom!* and answer objections to his interpretation of that novel brought forward since its appearance in *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*. But, as was suggested above, the best material in the new book is essentially pre-critical —helpful in translating the evidences of texture and design into familiar discursive terms. Here Brooks draws not only upon his extraordinary grasp of modern letters, the literary milieu of his subject, but also upon his almost peerless (among Faulkner scholars) personal knowledge of Faulkner's part of the South during the first thirty years of this century.

As Brooks remarks in his Preface, he grew up in West Tennessee, "some fifty miles north of Faulkner's home town." He can account for the Mississippi novelist's experience of Southern history as "a living memory" because it is not unlike his own. He compares it fruitfully to the hold of Ireland's past on the imagination of our greatest modern poet, William Butler Yeats. Faulkner and Yeats were, in their relation to history and the flow of time, obvious anachronisms, set against the sanguine modern grain. Though not uncritical in their approach to the inherited prescriptions, they each articulate the myth of "an older, more heroic society." The implicit antagonists throughout Brooks's new study are the Faulkner scholars so committed to a counter "myth of the American future," the outworn dream of the millenarians, and so hostile to the historic regime of the South, that they cannot begin to read his work. To their prejudice Brooks speaks directly: Faulkner was "essentially a conservative." With the completion of Brooks's *Faulkner*, that question is effectively closed. Future comment on the specific productions of Faulkner's craft will hereafter be likely to begin with that assumption—even if it is the wish of the commentator to prove it wrong. For which, as in so much else where the state of American letters is concerned, we are forever obliged to Cleanth Brooks. □



DELECTATIONS

SPAGHETTI REMAINS KING

NIKA HAZELTON

Recently I spent some time enquiring into life in an Italian pasta factory—namely Pastificio Maurizio Mennucci (at Ponte a Moriano, near Lucca), whose superior products are imported to the United States. I became aware of Mennucci because of the recipes on their pasta boxes, which are extremely good—unusually so. Lucca, one of the most ravishing towns in Tuscany, is famous for the integrity of its products, notably its olive oil. The Mennucci family are part of this tradition, which, thank the Lord, still thrives there.

Here are some of the data I collected during my visit to the Mennucci plant: It takes 17 hours for flour and water to be turned into packaged spaghetti. It is all done by machine: yours is the first human hand to touch the pasta, when you are preparing to cook it. The machines—for sifting flour, mixing dough, etc.—are full of control boards, and cost around $3 million apiece. They stand in a large modern building, where the air is pure and clean and the surroundings immaculate (pasta readily absorbs foreign flavors). Blue-smocked men and women tend them without resentment—the firm is an old and well-established local concern, and the owners are very much part of the local scene; their eyes follow the proceedings carefully.

The natural color of pasta dough is yellowish. Here you watch large sheets

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of it being rolled, flattened, cut, pushed through scores of teflon-lined molds (bronze molds are used for those pastas which are traditionally snow-white), and put into wire trays to dry. Pasta dough is turned into more than two hundred different shapes in all. Here is an enchanting world of fantastic forms: straight or twisted, long or short, smooth or ridged; stars, lasagna, ears, elbows, dumplings, tubes, rings, animals, alphabets, peppercorns, cockscombs, snails, angels' hair. Then there are the "festive formats": these pastas have elegantly scalloped or ruched edges; some are twisted into little nests; the ravioli are handsomely embossed.

GREEN PASTA is made green with spinach powder (I tasted it and it *is* spinach), egg noodle pasta is made with pre-shelled pasteurized eggs, or, when these run out, fresh eggs which a woman breaks into a vat.

Italian law says the egg noodle pasta must include four eggs for each kilo of flour (a kilo is 2.2 pounds), that the protein in pasta must amount to 10.5 per cent, and that the humidity factor may not exceed 12.5 per cent. Italian law also forbids the dark, so-called "high protein" pasta (made with unbleached flour and wheat germ) that is found on American supermarket shelves, because it quickly turns rancid. An interesting and unusual new pasta invented by Mennucci is intended for people who are allergic to wheat. This gluten-free, low-protein Aglutella (the first of its kind) is made from potato, corn, and rice starches, and it is shaped into spaghetti, macaroni, and rings. To my surprise, it looks and tastes like ordinary pasta; only an expert would be able to tell the difference. Then there are the meat- or cheese-filled little numbers, hermetically sealed into plastic to keep them fresh, and pastas made from special wheats for the southern Italian trade: these are *very* white.

Yet, all in all, spaghetti remains king. In northern Italy, annual per-capita consumption amounts to about 10 to 12 kilos; in southern Italy, it is as high as 60 kilos. On a national average, each Italian eats about 25 kilos of pasta every year. And the quality of all these products is kept under strict control by the pasta-makers' labs.

The tricky part of pasta-making is the drying, and the thicker and larger the pasta, the harder it is to dry. When flour and water are combined to form a dough, this dough will contain about 40 per cent water. But in order to cook properly, the pasta has to be dried. At home, this is done by spreading it on a clean kitchen towel draped over the back of a kitchen chair; in a factory (where it has to be drier still, so that it can be packaged) the pastas are placed in flat, wire-bottomed trays which progress through drying ovens. Each variety takes a different time depending on the shape and size. Trickiest to dry are the broad lasagna noodles: to be beautiful, they must stay flat, but they tend to buckle. When they do, the whole lot has to be kneaded again, cut into shape, and sent back to the drying ovens.

American-made pasta is good, but imported Italian is better because it holds its shape in cooking and doesn't mush; it also makes for a greater volume of cooked pasta. This is because the Italians use exclusively high-gluten wheat flour, which is harder than white flour and thus stands up better to boiling, and which absorbs more water, meaning more pasta in the dish. Italian pasta is also pressed tighter and is closer-grained, which makes for even greater expansion. Besides, not only the quality of the flour but that of the water and the air influences the product, the way they do with beer (as any Dubliner will tell you).

The air is indeed pure in Ponte a Moriano, a village at the foot of high wooded mountains, where the turbulent and sparkling Serchio river rushes under an old bridge. Here the Mennucci family built up one of the most modern Italian pasta factories, starting from a little shop that sold bread and pasta. The grand old man who accomplished this, Maurizio Mennucci, is now in his eighties. But he still zooms about on his motorbike and supervises the making of the pasta he exports all over Europe and to America. □

ART

HUMANE LETTERS

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

It was graduation day at Yale and I flicked through the official program to the page that would give the names of the people fetching honorary degrees. Subconsciously one looks for a Surprise. Marshal Ky would have qualified in 1976. I noticed the name of Trudeau, and uttered a silent prayer of gratitude for Yale's tradition against speeches by endoctored celebrities. It turned out of course to be another Trudeau, one of whom I had not heard; only a year or two older than my graduating son. I assumed he was a local divinity of sorts; indeed, he was so treated—I think I remember rightly that only he received a standing ovation from the graduating class when his name was called out. Perhaps he had invented the neutron bomb? I remembered somebody telling me that all geniuses in the physical sciences discover their fourth dimensions when they are 22 years old.

My surprise was genuine, upon hearing the citation, to deduce that he was an artist, or social critic; indeed he was festooned so lavishly by the president of Yale that I wondered how it could be that I had not heard his name before. On mentioning this later to my astonished son I was made to feel as though I had not heard of an entire world war. I strained to see, but from mid-crowd everyone wearing reading glasses and an academic gown looks pretty much the same—and anyway, what did it matter? I did not suppose that merely *looking* at G. B. Trudeau would make me laugh, the way merely looking at Jack Benny used to make

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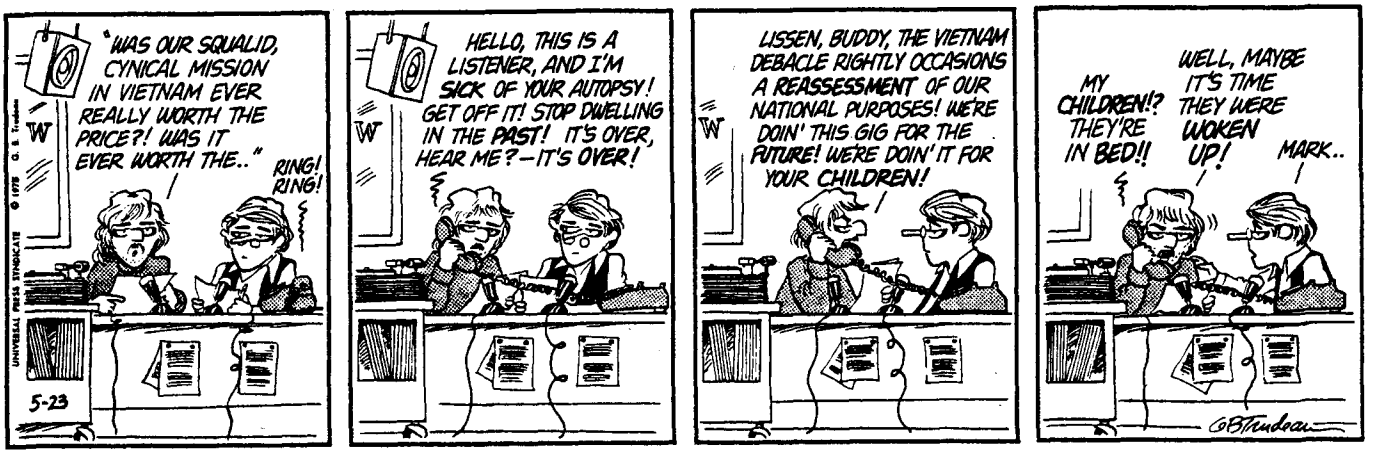
DOONESBURY by Garry Trudeau


"WAS OUR SQUALID, CYNICAL MISSION IN VIETNAM EVER REALLY WORTH THE PRICE?! WAS IT EVER WORTH THE.." RING! RING!
HELLO, THIS IS A LISTENER, AND I'M SICK OF YOUR AUTOPSY! GET OFF IT! STOP DWELLING IN THE PAST! IT'S OVER, HEAR ME?—IT'S OVER!
LISSEN, BUDDY, THE VIETNAM DEBACLE RIGHTLY OCCASIONS A REASSESSMENT OF OUR NATIONAL PURPOSES! WE'RE DOIN' THIS GIG FOR THE FUTURE! WE'RE DOIN' IT FOR YOUR CHILDREN!
MY CHILDREN!? THEY'RE IN BED!!
WELL, MAYBE IT'S TIME THEY WERE WOKEN UP!
MARK..
5-23
GBTrudeau

me laugh. I have dug up the citation read out at New Haven that springy afternoon, and search it out now for the hyperbole that usually breaks one's back in the rhetoric of honorary degrees. Listen . . .

> Yale's image, as the hucksters would say, would never be the same after what you have done to your classmates and your president. Happily, too, your country will never look at itself quite as self-seriously, certainly not as self-righteously, thanks to your satiric insights into the foibles and pretensions of both the notorious and the obscure. For helping keep us sane even when the times seem crazed, Yale, with pride and delight, confers upon her recent son the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

I made a note to look out for what I was informed went out to the newspapers of the world six times a week under the rubric "Doonesbury." But since I tend to read only the *New York Times*, my resolution flagged; and it was not until receiving this invitation to review his work* that I undertook the assignment industriously. I think it is in one way unfair to Mr. Trudeau to have done this to him. Last year a mad musician performed all 32 sonatas of Ludwig van Beethoven without interruption, and I cannot imagine anyone doing this as a true act of homage. Yet during the past two weeks every time I have traveled it has been with a briefcase crammed full of Doonesbury. People of all ages have certainly thought me reverted to infantilism as they see the comic strips spread about me. But those who looked me in the eye would have detected that I share Yale's pride and delight.

WHAT IS THERE to say about Doonesbury, or even about the comic strip mode? Never having studied a strip before, it is conceivable that I notice things that are generally unnoticed by those continuingly familiar with the genre, even as—for instance—I notice the loud noise at rock concerts. There is, for instance, the nagging mechanical —and therefore artistic—problem of reintroducing the reader to the synoptic point at which he was dropped the day before. In a collection this is more aggravating than if 24 hours have gone by since arriving at the point where the artist left you, and you need a little nudge. Trudeau handles this very deftly, usually by introducing into the panel a tilt of some sort that takes the reader slightly beyond where he was left yesterday, so that he is relieved of that awful sensation of turning wheels without moving forward.

The other problem is the presumptive requirement of the climax—the gag—at the end of every strip. This cadence no artist can hope to satisfy, although they must all make the effort. A collection runs the risk of maximizing the disharmonies. Imagine reading a collection of the last paragraphs of Art Buchwald's columns. Or, as Zonker would put it, Imagine! Which digression brings me to note the awful overuse of the intensifier in Mr. Trudeau's captions. Nothing appears so workaday as to be merely remarkable. Everything is *arresting!* Now this is in sharp stylistic contrast with the very nearly expressionless faces Mr. Trudeau tends to draw. Nobody ever smiles, or hardly ever; and the effect is wonderful, insofar as it reminds the reader that no experience, no absurdity, no observation, is truly new. But nearly everything spoken must be punctuated with exclamation points and served up in bold-face type. I am as unconvinced that this is necessary as I am persuaded that Trudeau scores remarkably well in wrenching a climax of sorts out of almost every one of his strips. There are the anticlimaxes; but the reader forgives them indulgently; he is well enough nourished, all the more so since there is all that wonderful assonant humor and derision in mid-strip: indeed, not infrequently the true climaxes come in the penultimate panel, and the rest is lagniappe.

And then—there is a sense of rhetorical leisure in Trudeau. What *ever* is the *hurry*? It is very pleasurable, the more so when one realizes how compressive the form is by nature, like smoking a cigar on a parachute jump. After reading three years' worth of Doonesbury I am certain I have read as many words as are in *War and Peace*. The artist gives off a great air of authority by this device, rather like those notices in *The New Yorker* in which even the most conventional abbreviations are spurned ("Closed on Sundays and holidays, except for Thanksgiving").

Consider the treatment of an essentially banal exchange. If it were honed less finely, it would not work. One of the characters is watching a television screen, whence the words sound out:

> "At the very root of the Big Apple's problems seems to be the endless exodus of the middle class. 'Good Night,

*This article will appear as the Introduction to *Doonesbury's Greatest Hits*, to be published shortly by Holt, Rinehart.

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New York' is fortunate to have with us tonight Mr. Jamie Dodd, one such fugitive.

"Jamie, I take it you and your wife have always been anxious to leave New York?"

"Oh no, not at all, Geraldo—in fact, at first the city seemed a marvelous place for an upwardly mobile couple like us! [Note the exclamation point.] But then one day last fall I was promoted to a $45,000 job. That same day my wife was assaulted in the park. The power went off, and the garbage people went on strike . . . And suddenly! Right! Suddenly Darien made *loads* of sense!"

It requires a hypnotic self-assurance to bring off (as Trudeau does) that sequence. As so often, he relies heavily on his meiotic pen to do it.

THE LONGUEURS are sometimes almost teasingly didactic. Who else in the funny-paper business would attempt the following? (Again, the action is coming out of the television set.)

"Mr. Finkles, as one of New York's past comptrollers, how were you able to build up such a whopping deficit?"

"Well, Geraldo, we had *many* great tricks. The most common one was selling city bonds on the strength of inflated estimates of anticipated federal funding. This device was very popular among top city money wizards. But let me show you my personal favorite. See Column B here? This is where we charged the final wage period of one fiscal year to the budget of the next! In so doing, we built up a hidden deficit of *two billion dollars!*"

"*Wow!*"

"Now I must caution the folks at home from trying this . . ."

Note the touch of the anticlimax in the last line, inserted in the way that Oliphant permits the kitten or the mouse to pronounce the moral coda. But the unapologetically literate account of the exact character of the financial hanky-panky gives a rollicking sense of reality to the episode.

Note also: "Geraldo." Trudeau likes to identify his characters, and he is quite willing to be personal.

"Good morning. [We see a telephone receptionist.] *New York Daily News* promotion department."

"Yes, hello. I'm about to kill someone and I'd like to talk to somebody about coverage."

"Yes, sir. Would this be an isolated crime of passion, or will you be making a habit of it?"

"Uh, I don't know . . . I'm not sure . . . I mean I don't know my long-range plans yet . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but we have to know what sort of story yours is."

"Mine is a story of hopelessness and shattered dreams in the city they call New York."

"Fine. That would be Mr. Breslin. Please hold."

Duke, recalled as ambassador from China, is trying to go back to freelance journalism, but is in despair.

"Wenner won't even return my calls, so I guess a job at *Rolling Stone* is out."

"Amazing. After all you've been through you'd think he'd at least lend a hand."

"Nope. He needs them both for social climbing."

Duke, by the way, is relieved as chargé in China by Leonard Woodcock.

"Leonard Woodcock! I just can't get over it! What ever could have possessed Carter to pick Woodcock for China?"

"Well, sir [says his Chinese interpreter], maybe it's because Mr. Woodcock's career has been one of great sensitivity to the plight of the working class!"

"Honey, all labor leaders are sensitive to the working class. That's how *they avoid belonging to it.*"

THE WILLINGNESS to criticize the union bureaucracy reminds us with relief that Trudeau, who sprang from the loins of the Vietnam antinomianism, quickly achieved perspective. There is the phone-in radio talk show. The host is talking.

"Was our squalid, cynical mission in Vietnam ever really worth the price? Was it ever worth the . . ."

RING! RING!

"Hello, this is a listener, and I'm sick of your autopsy! Get off it and stop dwelling in the past! It's *over*, hear me? —It's over!"

"Lissen, buddy, the Vietnam debacle rightly occasions a reassessment of our national purposes. We're doin' this gig for the future. We're doin' it for your children!"

"My children? They're in bed."

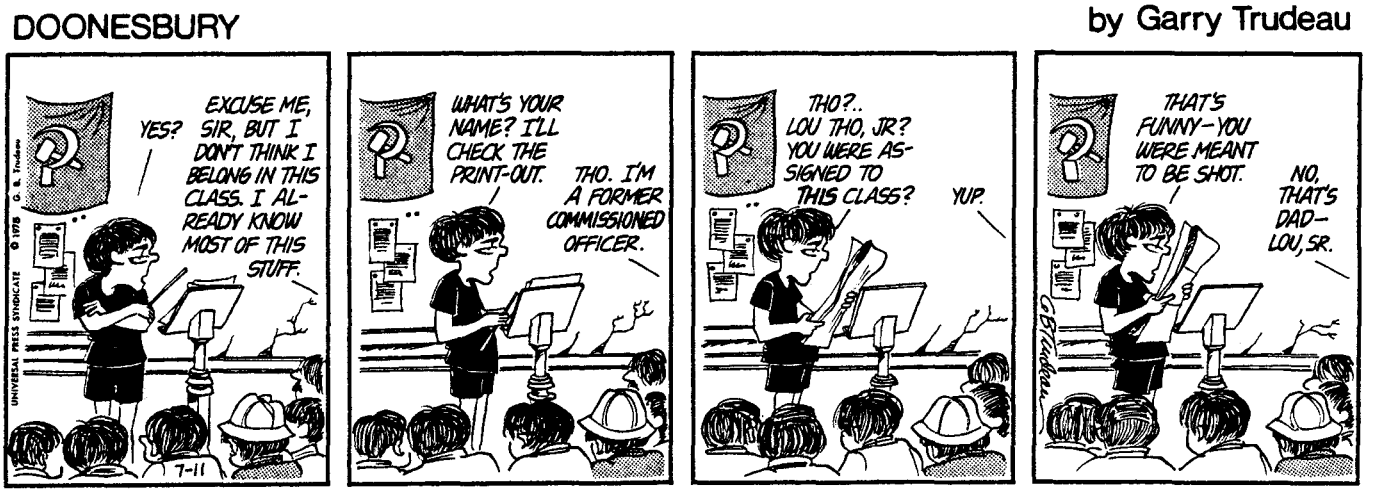
Indeed, let the co-opters beware (remember Al Capp?). G. B. Trudeau isn't thirty yet, and listen to this indoctrination class in Saigon now that the North Vietnamese have taken over.

"Yes?" [The teacher is responding to a question from a trainee.]

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't think I belong in this class. I already know most of this stuff."

"What's your name? I'll check the print-out."

"Tho. I'm a former commissioned officer."


DOONESBURY
by Garry Trudeau
YES?
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I DON'T THINK I BELONG IN THIS CLASS. I ALREADY KNOW MOST OF THIS STUFF.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME? I'LL CHECK THE PRINT-OUT.
THO. I'M A FORMER COMMISSIONED OFFICER.
THO?.. LOU THO, JR? YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO THIS CLASS?
YUP.
THAT'S FUNNY—YOU WERE MEANT TO BE SHOT.
NO, THAT'S DAD—LOU, SR.
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"Tho? Lou Tho Jr.? You were assigned to this class?"

"Yup."

"That's funny—you were meant to be shot."

"No, that's Dad—Lou, Sr."

Those in search of the meaning of humane letters need go no farther than to Doonesbury. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LAST CONVERTIBLE, *by Anton Myrer (Putnam, 526 pp., $10.95).* This isn't a novel. It's nostalgia wrapped in hardcover: 526 pages of silver-lined memories. Nostalgia imitates life and reflects a fraudulent image. It is 1941, freshman year at Harvard, fair Harvard. For the Fusiliers, the nickname adopted by five diverse classmates, life is new, glorious, indulgent: "I had the absurd and happy conviction that if I didn't do or say anything this moment would last forever; the freeze-frame in a movie . . ." They spin through Radcliffe women, football games, and Benny Goodman jitterbug. Their lodestar is a Packard Super 8, the Empress, the Last Convertible. But the war impinges. They fight, and some of them return to marry their old girlfriends, suffer tragedies and triumphs. And of course they attend reunions; how else to replay the songs? Myrer has called this book a defense of his generation. The plot moves, and the phrases sometimes grab, but his defense sags. He apologizes instead. George Virdon, the loyal heart of the Fusiliers, tells his future son-in-law that the Forties generation really did *care*: "We didn't do so badly, when you add it all up: millions of us fought Joseph McCarthy—and some of us paid for it too; we marched at Selma, a lot of us were down there at the Washington Monument with you kids in '69 . . ." Myrer genuflects before Sixties crusades. Some legacy.

PAUL GIGOT

THE MELLONS: *The Chronicle of America's Richest Family, by David E. Koskoff (Crowell, 602 pp., $14.95).* Give or take a half-billion dollars, the Mellons seem to be worth in the neighborhood of $5 billion. Yet they remain the least known of all America's super-rich, a lamentable situation that David Koskoff, author of a fine biography of Joseph P. Kennedy, here begins at awesome length to remedy. If at times *The Mellons* resembles alphabet soup—family members tended and still tend to refer to the first and second generations by initials only, and Koskoff inflicts that practice on us—it is unquestionably the most complete study to date of the rise of Judge Thomas Mellon and the prospering of his progeny, as the story takes us from the stern, dour founding father to the present day's twenty-year-old Christopher Karl Mellon, who "looks like an idealized ancient Greek marble of 'Youth.' " Mellon money is still primarily in Gulf and Alcoa and Mellon National, and it is still doing good works in a couple of dozen eleemosynary foundations, including many of the highest distinction. Andrew Mellon may not have been the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," as pre-Depression puffery described him, but he remains the most famous of the family and is the most carefully described and analyzed by Mr. Koskoff. Somehow the

author pulls it all off: he introduces us to a potentially bewildering array of Mellons and Mellons-by-other-names, and manages to keep them distinct in our minds. Koskoff would appear to be something of a frustrated Puritan, as his obvious relish for barely restrained tut-tutting shows: he prefers his Mellons tight-fisted or humanitarian, not outfitting elaborate safaris and bagging big game. Maybe the author grew weary of tracking down elusive millionaires while researching his magnum opus; he is occasionally just a bit petulant with his subjects. Never mind; *The Mellons* emerges as a splendid achievement, and the net effect is enhanced respect, from this reader at least, for the many fine examples of the Mellon breed.

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE INFLATION CRISIS, AND HOW TO RESOLVE IT, *by Henry Hazlitt (Arlington House, 192 pp., $8.95).* This veteran economist applies strict classical solutions to the inflation dilemma. Deploring government tampering with the money supply, he takes issue not only with liberals and Keynesians but also with the Monetarist school of Milton Friedman and those who advocate indexing on the Brazilian model in order to put a brake on galloping inflation. In short, pointed essays, Hazlitt analyzes interest rates, unions, unemployment, formal devaluation, unused capacity, and wage and price controls; he fixes the blame for the current state of our economy on government deficits and lending policies. Hazlitt recognizes the failure of the fractional-reserve gold standard and urges a return to a "pure" gold standard, even suggesting the novel remedy of gold- or silver-backed private currencies to compensate for inflation and to force government to behave responsibly. Two particularly interesting segments of the work are Hazlitt's detailed analysis of the German hyper-inflation of the 1920s and his thoughts on the various hedges against inflation—gold, real estate, art, etc.—that are now so widely heralded.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

GOD, CHURCH, AND FLAG: *Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the Catholic Church, 1950-1957, by Donald F. Crosby, SJ (North Carolina, 307 pp., $16.95).* The late Senator is gone but hardly forgotten —especially by those researchers seeking to divine some of the reasons behind the influence of this enigmatic figure. Professor Crosby sets for himself the task of demonstrating that the Catholic Church was not monolithically behind the McCarthy phenomenon of the 1950s. Rather, he argues, the distribution of the support for the anti-Communist impulse of this era was divided along ideological lines, which cut across religious affiliations. Hence, although geographically there were strongholds of Catholic support for the Senator's investigations, the Catholic mood nationally reflected the shifting political consensus. While this premise is fair enough, the weight of Crosby's own political preferences becomes tiresome. Thus, to exorcise the specter of mindless McCarthyism, the author establishes forthwith that he is of the *Commonweal* school of "responsible" anti-Communism—not to be confused with the "reactionary" element of conservatism. Dismissing Cardinal Spellman as a thoughtless extremist, Crosby then proceeds to marvel at how a man like Boston's Cardinal O'Connell could embrace McCarthy "(though the Cardinal himself, ironically enough, was highly intelligent and enormously well read)."

ALAN L. MILLER

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IN THE PAGES of this journal, Brian Crozier's *Strategy of Survival* (Arlington House, $8.95) is not, I admit, a true "dark horse"; anything but. It has been given a plug in the editorial section ("The Week," Sept. 1) and is also scheduled to be the subject of a review in the book department.

Mention of Crozier's masterly work in this small space may not be entirely amiss, however, if only because it serves so admirably to keynote discussion of other current volumes on related subjects. Concerning its own considerable merits, suffice it to say the respected director of London's Institute for the Study of Conflict has produced an analysis of the "third world war" that is coruscating in its brilliance.

Many *NR* readers will recognize the "third world war" locution from Professor Burnham's seminal *Struggle for the World*, a debt that Crozier freely acknowledges. He agrees with Burnham in saying the war for Western survival has been on us for three decades, thanks to the unremitting hostility of our foes. This being so, the only choice we really have is to continue losing through the sad pretense that Moscow doesn't mean it, or else gather our wits and set about defending ourselves against a formidable adversary.

In the course of this demonstration, Crozier adduces numerous data concerning global armament, Communist subversion, the realities of detente and *Ostpolitik*, technology transfers, and other similar subjects too numerous to mention. All the relevant points are argued with such cogency, and with such a wealth of information, that the book should soon become a classic of its kind.

Buttressing the argument provided by Crozier is *Soviet Propaganda Operations* (ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; $1.50), a report prepared by the CIA at the request of Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio and originally published by the House Intelligence Committee. This ERI reprint (with a brief introduction by your servant) recounts the numerous efforts of the KGB to infiltrate and influence the media of the Western world, to plant "disinformation," and to manipulate opinion through the efforts of a vast array of Communist fronts.

In addition to showing in detail the specific steps of the KGB to place its agents and merchandise its propaganda themes, the report makes clear again and again the basic message conveyed by Crozier: In all of their clandestine activities—as opposed to diplomatic utterances for our consumption—the Soviets are driven by relentless detestation of the West, and, most especially, by commitment to the destruction of the United States. Nowhere in any of these activities is there the slightest inkling of detente in the naïve American sense of that term.

IF THE SOVIETS' yen for external aggression has not changed, neither has their liking for repression on the home front. The techniques may have become more sophisticated, but the objectives remain essentially the same. Such, at all events, is the burden of *Antireligious Propaganda in the Soviet Union*, by David E. Powell (MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass. 02142; $5.95). The author, associated with the Russian Research Center at Harvard (Adam Ulam, Richard Pipes, et al.), provides a thorough and illuminating picture of the Soviet war against religion—from the excesses of the Militant Godless in the 1930s to the more subtle (and successful) effort to co-opt the hierarchy of the Orthodox Church in recent decades.

The bad news in Powell's well-researched, well-written study is that the Soviets have not backed off from their hostility to religion or their determination, by one means or another, to bring it under state control. The good news is that, despite six decades of brainwashing and repression, the religious impulse in the Russian people continues to assert itself with astonishing and inspiring force. ☐

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

What about Perspective?

On The Right

New York, Aug. 25—In recent weeks, the managing editor of the *New York Times*, Mr. A. M. Rosenthal, has argued forcefully the merits of his reporter Myron Farber's refusing to permit the judge at a New Jersey murder trial to look at Farber's notes. The controversy is interesting, and responsible men can opine in favor of the judge, who points out that a man is being tried for murder, or in favor of the reporter, who points out that the confidential notes of a reporter must remain confidential or else the freedom of the press is affected.

The uproar over the imprisonment of Farber and the fines levied against the *Times* occupied the headlines in New York until the headlines stopped appearing. Suddenly it became a matter not of a decline in the intensity of investigative journalism because of the fear of prurient judicial intervention. The matter became: no journalism of any sort. Why? Because seven unions, including a union of editorial employees, declined to cross the picket line thrown up by a union of pressmen striking against technological progress.

WHERE is the public clamor? If Mr. Rosenthal is protesting, he has to do so in out-of-town papers, or over radio and television. Unhappily, Mr. Rosenthal, who is the most energetic and conscientious of men (and a close personal friend), betrays that sense of resignation inherited from an age in which habits of mind were formed which survive today as rank superstition. That mind-set holds that to cross a picket line is a fratricidal act. That is the reigning superstition in the corpse of ritualistic American liberalism.

This is the ultimate in intellectual and moral abdication of responsibility. Grown men and women, who laugh at the proposition that the pope might be invested with divine intelligence in ruling on matters of morals, regularly assign infallibility to any trade union capable of instituting a picket line. By declining to come to work, and to make the effort (successfully made in Washington by the *Post* two years ago) to bring out a newspaper, the same men who clamor about threats to the freedom of the press hypothetically posed by a judge in New Jersey acquiescently, by declining to cross a picket line, allow the press to suspend not only its freedom but its life.

The superstitions of class warfare, inherited from an age when management was automatically thought to be bad, and workers automatically good, have controlled the movements of men and women of exalted station. Years ago Eleanor Roosevelt drew back from a theater on seeing that it was being picketed and, uninquiringly, returned home, remarking that she would not cross a picket line under any circumstances (giving rise to the ingenious suggestion that pickets be instituted at every exit to Hyde Park, and maintained day and night). John Kenneth Galbraith, en route to a broadcast of *Meet the Press*, turned around at the door of the studio rather than cross the picket line, thus sparing himself the exercise of adjudicating the merits of the striking union's claims, and incidentally sparing the Republic the affliction of his televised opinions.

There ought to be a law? As a rule one shrinks from the formulation. But the leverage of a striking union is thoughtlessly accepted. Thus we get strikes now from garbage collectors, mailmen, firemen, police. Where is Congress? If Congress has a negative responsibility not to interfere with the freedom of the press, does it have a positive responsibility to prevent others from interfering with the freedom of the press? But surely the most appropriate sanctions are social: responsible men and women must stop superordinating their loyalty to any labor union over their loyalty to the community whose support they are constantly invoking in any quarrel involving the freedom of the press. □

INTELLIGENCE NOTES *New York*, Sept. 4—In Canada, the Prime Minister, Mr. Trudeau, has brought an indictment against a journalist under the Official Secrets Act, which is accurately described by an attorney as making it a criminal offense to publish a classified document revealing how many cups of tea the average Canadian drinks.

Much of Canada is up in arms over the indictment of the *Toronto Sun*'s Peter Worthington, the first newspaperman in Canadian history to be had up under that vague and ominous act. "There is no question in anybody's mind," wrote the editor of the *Edmonton Journal*, ". . . that the decision to prosecute the *Sun* was based on a vindictiveness, presumably following the old John F. Kennedy dictum, 'Don't get mad—get even.'" You see, Worthington and his paper are irreverent critics of Trudeau, and the gentleman does not suffer criticism gladly. What triggered the episode was a statement by Trudeau in Parliament to the effect that although it may be true that the KGB is an enemy of Canada, it is not true that the Soviet Union is an enemy of Canada. That is on the order of saying that a mugger's right arm should be prosecuted, but not the mugger. Trudeau expanded by saying that presumably there were CIA agents operating in Canada, but the United States is not an enemy of Canada. Right on. Neither is the CIA an enemy of Canada. It is not engaged in stealing Canadian secrets, encouraging Canadian separatism—or, a mistake, perhaps—disparaging Pierre Trudeau.

But notwithstanding Peter Worthing-

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ton's victimization (he proceeded to publish an account of KGB activity in Canada), he favors an Official Secrets Act of some sort, believing that any government is crazy that does not take steps to protect its genuinely secret information.

Which brings us to the case of Mr. Philip Agee. He is a former CIA operative, described in London's *Daily Telegraph* by its Washington reporter as—quoting an unnamed CIA counter-intelligence officer—"probably the worst traitor since Kim Philby." Philip Agee was recently in Havana, kissing Communist posteriors, and it was there that he announced a new publication to be called *Covert Action*. Its principal feature will be a monthly revelation of the names of CIA agents around the world, plus a guide to the means of detecting them. Once they have been exposed, Agee assures his readers, they will be rendered ineffective and probably have to leave. If they decline to leave—the host countries will take matters into their own hands. As was done two years ago in Athens when, after his name was given out, Richard Welch, CIA agent, was assassinated. Senator Barry Goldwater has suggested it would be appropriate to take steps to revoke Agee's American citizenship, and Senator Lloyd Bentsen has said, "I believe that anyone who so recklessly threatens the safety of our agents should face the prospect of jail." One would think these to be normal reactions in a country that is incidentally charged by history with containing the barbarians. More likely, Philip Agee will receive a Pulitzer Prize.

Because the mood of the country, respecting the counter-intelligence function, is ambivalent, to say the least. At Harvard, President Derek Bok has taken the position that the CIA's recruiting must be done "openly." It has been the practice of the agency to do its recruitment silently, through individual professors, discreet contacts, and the like. One gathers from President Bok that Harvard students who desire to work in counter-intelligence should negotiate with CIA representatives in a public booth in the middle of Harvard Yard.

Meanwhile, we have it all from a man who suffered a great deal for his country. John Downey was freshly graduated from Yale University when, as a CIA flier, he was shot down over China and spent 23 years in Chinese jails, from which he was finally sprung by Nixon in the heyday of ping-pong diplomacy. John Downey, who hadn't seen a newspaper or an American face for a generation, returned to Connecticut and began to study law. Now he is running for political office—for Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut. He is not bitter about his experience, he is remorseful on other grounds. About what happened to him, he says: "I knew what I was getting into. They told me what would happen if I ever got caught. If I blamed anyone it was myself." Why?

"For being so dumb as to volunteer."

Was that really dumb? Yes, because the world looked different in 1951, Downey goes on. "There was a great deal of romanticism about what we were going to do. Basically, we all were highly motivated. We thought the United States had its back against the wall, and we were going to save the free world."

Now Downey knows that is all bunk. □

MEANWHILE BACK IN MANHATTAN

New York, Aug. 18—In the Silk Stocking district of New York City, the ganglion of so many of the miseries of the Republic, and not a few of its glories, the congressional race for the seat once occupied by Mayor Ed Koch and former Mayor John Lindsay goes largely unnoticed.

This is odd, because the two Democrats contending for the nomination are interesting to write about, and the district one of them will represent—if he defeats the incumbent Republican, who last January in a special election defeated Bella Abzug, thus qualifying for national gratitude and relieving him of any future obligation to the Republic—is the most vibrant in the United States. I came close to granting a plenary indulgence to John Lindsay for all his sins when, years ago, as congressman from the district, he replied, to a reporter who asked why he had on that day voted against both an anti-obscenity bill and an anti-subversion bill, that subversion and obscenity were the principal industries of his constituency. That is hyperbolic, but so is everything in Manhattan, and it is fitting that the district should be represented in Congress by one of the outstanding young men in the country, Allard Lowenstein.

Twice in seasons gone by I have written about Lowenstein, infuriating many of my friends, because, you see, Lowenstein is a liberal Democrat. Why should a conservative Republican advocate the election to Congress of a liberal Democrat? In the past, pressed on the matter, I have permitted myself, out of polemical fatigue, to reply simply: "It is a personal indulgence." One should try to do better.

Lowenstein is independent, thoughtful; in respect of not a few matters, he is an opsimath, whose belated recognition of, for instance, the inherent right of parents to select the schools their children will attend could lose him the editorial support of the *New York Times*.

But most appealing is Lowenstein's ability to talk to people who disagree with him without provoking a shouting contest. As our representative in Geneva to the Human Rights Commission two years ago, he actually caused that Commission to consider—however briefly—the question of human rights in the Soviet Union. More exactly, he induced it to consider considering human rights in the Soviet Union. This may sound like a trivial achievement. But if so, why has no one else succeeded in this endeavor? There is in Lowenstein a quality of innocent good will that makes the conventional defenses appear fustian and contrived. Recently, having been banned from traveling there for twenty years in punishment for writing an unfavorable book about the race laws, Lowenstein was invited to visit South Africa. There, over the airwaves, he spoke simply and eloquently about the fraternal imperative, and lo, high officials in the South African government, instead of looking the other way and shooing him out, invited him to return, on the understanding that he would be free to continue to speak out against apartheid, but confident that his palpable integrity distinguished him from the fanatics who desire in South Africa less the restoration of black rights than the shedding of white blood.

There is, in Lowenstein, a hectic idealism which it is impossible to fail to be moved by. There will be quite a few liberal Democrats in the next Congress. So why not one whose integrity and warmth will at least repristinate a movement that is grown cynical, bureaucratic, and ineffective? The liberalism of the Eastern Establishment has become hoary and bureaucratic. Its idealistic vision, filtered through conservative forms, would be an improvement on the situation as it exists now. "Christianity without the crucifixion," Whittaker Chambers once meditated, "is liberalism." Allard Lowenstein belongs in Congress as demonstrably as Nureyev belongs on the stage. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A bird of prey in a cunning way — 77 188 162 148 204 89

B. Trimetric — 95 8 14 69 100 122 136 140 207 45 / 72 92

C. A *newly married man* — 99 183 167 194 143 25 74 112

D. Locale of *The Prisoner of Zenda* — 121 75 170 113 102 149 64 125 172

E. One who has charge of several monasteries — 146 7 71 16 84 90 98 115 161 195 / 18 68 97

F. A province of the Netherlands — 61 3 33 78 93 191 209 57 203 118 / 134 152

G. Spacious — 154 114 6 19 53

H. Of or pertaining to a bishop — 160 20 132 180 163 12 201 187 211

I. A river's level during a drought — 58 62 5 85 10 15 38 51

J. Wickedness — 169 119 42 55 13 185 181 150

K. SHIFT FIG EEL to get Jewish delicacy — 41 70 29 106 129 2 145 184 192 212 / 104

L. A locomotive — 48 126 21 31 139 43 88 151 171

M. A suburb of Montreal — 109 141 164 127 54 76 26 155 158

N. Nourishing — 186 46 24 52 111 156 40 28 91 83

O. A type of watercourse — 30 34 37 50 60 86

P. This seldom occurs twice in February — 44 128 135 107 35 116 80

Q. A follower of Jesus Christ — 65 130 22 206 166 108 59 105

R. A large city in S. W. Nigeria — 176 36 133

S. Compassionate — 190 153 103 159 197 199 147

T. One who works on the housetops — 200 123 208 117 82 165

U. The world chess champion, 1935-1937 — 17 63 49 175

V. A place where one works — 142 168 11 157 73 120 178 196 87 137

W. The former capital of the Hawkeye State — 205 198 144 179 81 23 193 9

X. A city in Bihar state, India — 131 189 96 174 124 210

Y. What Smith and U. S. formed — 1 110 173 182 94 101 138

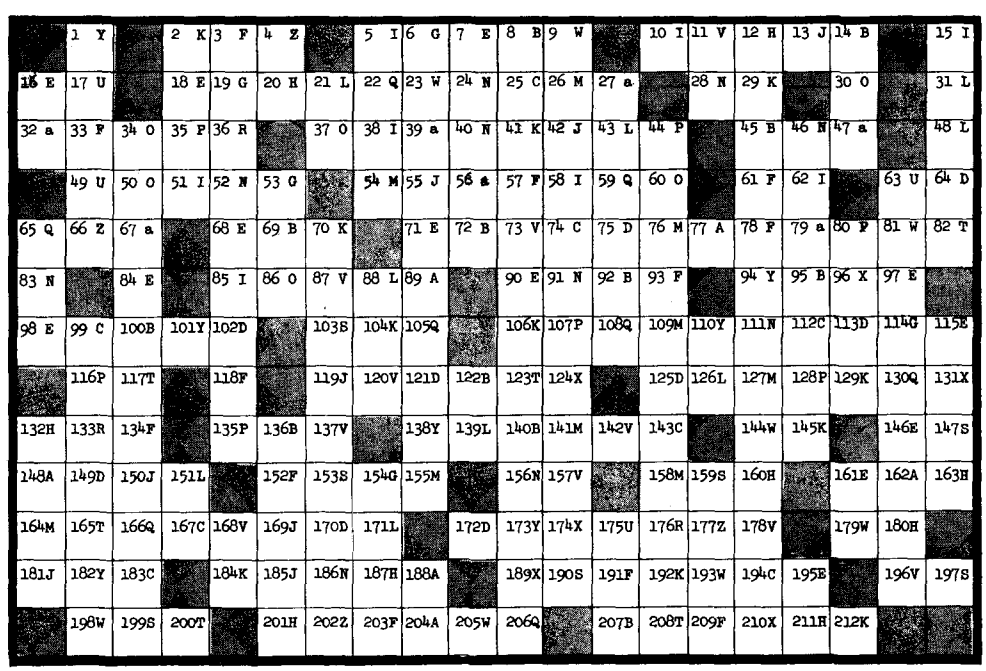
Z. Name of three rivers in England — 4 202 177 66

a. Not unusual or exceptional — 27 32 47 56 67 79 39

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1163 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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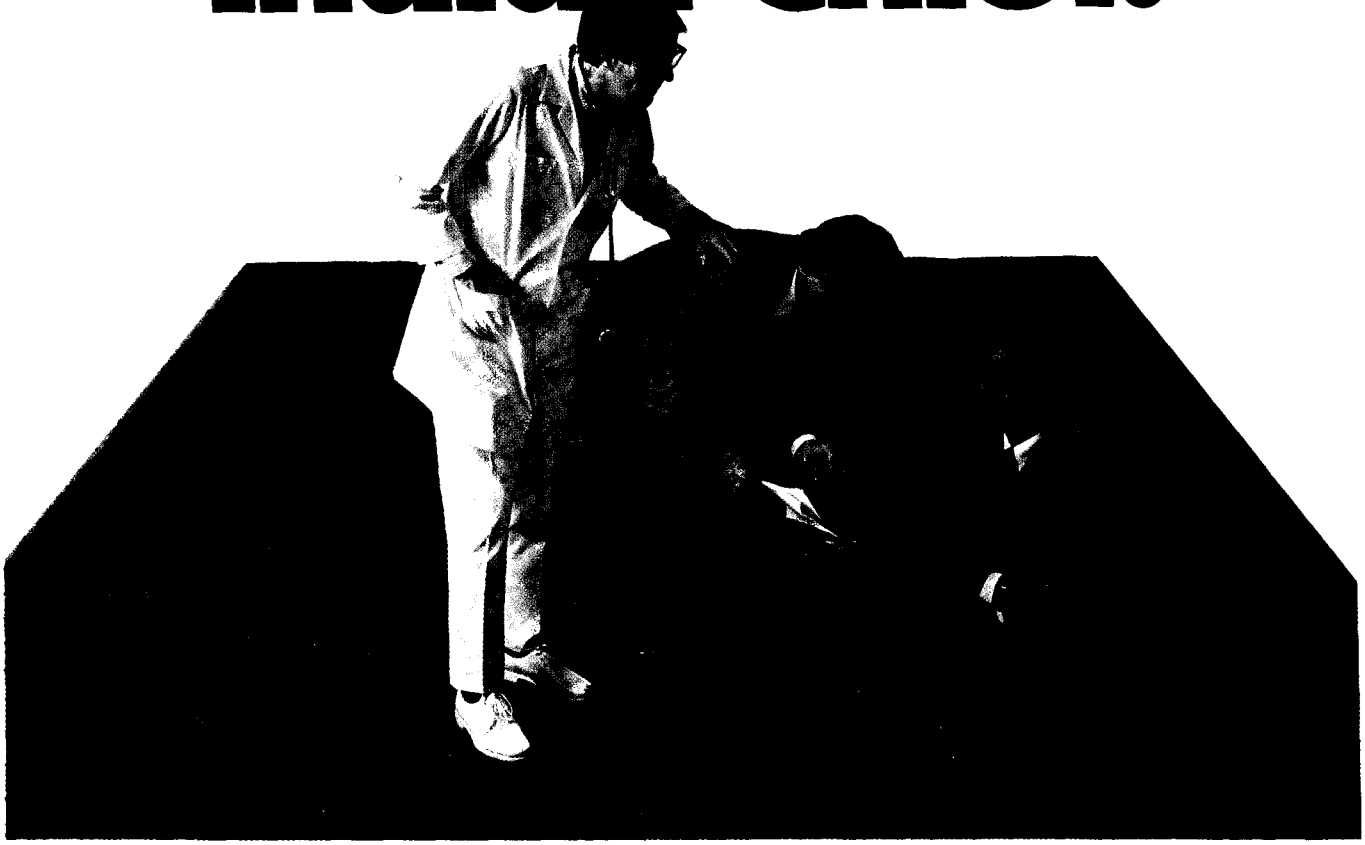
Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief.



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Riches above

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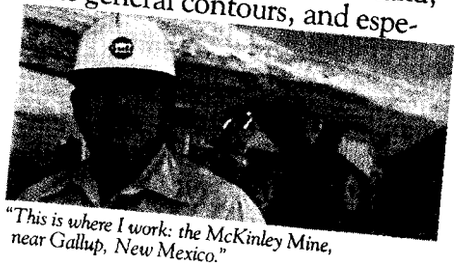

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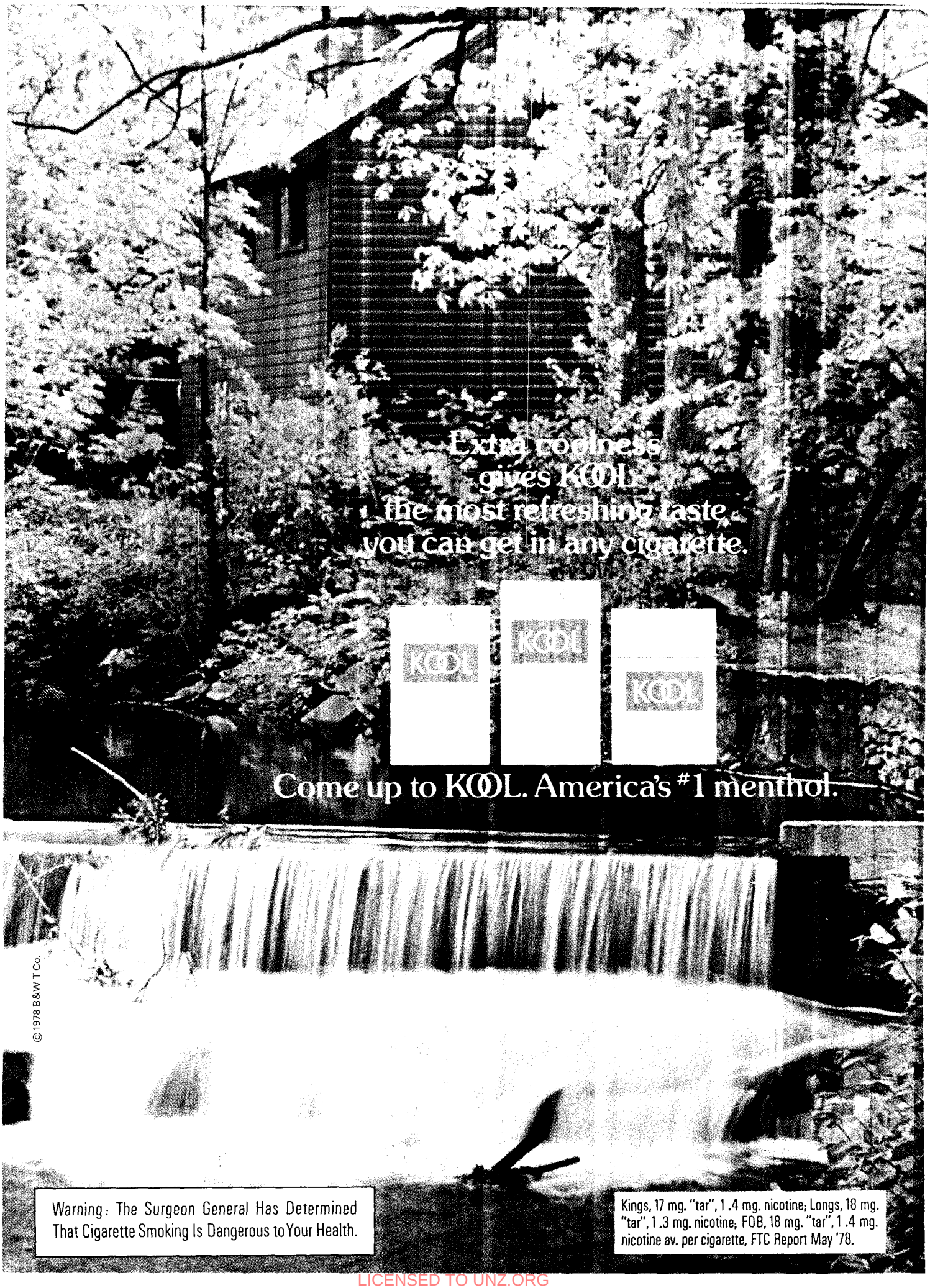

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